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Paul Johnson
Labour and the New Leviathan

James Fenton: The Return of Marcia
Anne Bennett's Social Casebook
Sundar Rajan: Mrs Gandhi's Hostage
Douglas Johnson on Utopia and Revolution
John Sturrock: Camus John Carey: Shakespeare

The Gilt and the Brass

'For the family it was a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing.' Thus *The Times* records the anniversary of the Queen's accession. A quarter-century of adulation may not, though, have been the only reason for satisfaction at Windsor; another substantial pay claim had just been granted without any nonsense about unpropitious moments or sacrifices all round. If a miner or a railwayman had just received a 19 per cent wage increase, all tax free, we may be sure that there would have been thanksgiving and rejoicing in that family too. However, Her Majesty's humble subjects are bound by rigorous restraint. A little shame may be discerned in the claim that the Queen needs the extra money for staff salaries. If this is true, her numerous flunkeys are all in breach of the pay code. But probably it was another boob from the Palace PR machine.

Modesty and tact have never been Hanoverian virtues, and the contrast between royal privilege and ordinary life is not financial alone. Factory and office workers were recently lambasted for taking a fortnight off over Christmas and New Year; the Queen ended her winter holiday at Sandringham only on 1 February. For pensioners and lower-paid workers the discomforts of a nasty winter with rising fuel bills are far from over. But the monarch is already off to the South Pacific; somehow her visits there always seem to be arranged at this time of the year.

The figures of the royal grab are worth recording. The Queen goes up to £1,665,000 a year. Her mother's pension, more than index-linked, rises to £140,000 (up from £95,000 when she had her last increase in 1975). The boorish Duke, who has just told readers of the *Sunday Mirror* that he too has to worry about inflation and that 'falling living standards for many . . . will bring us all back to a greater sense of reality', goes up to £85,000. Princess Margaret (of Kensington and Mustique) goes up to £50,000. Princess Anne should be able to cover her speeding fines on £45,000. Prince Charles, lately retired from his working life in the Navy, lives on rents from the considerable estates of the Duchy of Cornwall.

The Queen pays no tax; other Royals pay at markedly lower rates than ordinary people. The Queen's private wealth, and private investment income, are undisclosed; and a ruling by the Heath government in 1971 ensures that they will remain undisclosed and will not be considered when increases such as those listed above are made. Diligent investigators have estimated her personal fortune at £50m. She has never been averse, however, to chalking her expenses up to the office; if we live in a perks society, she is well qualified to reign over it. Not long ago the nation paid for the lavish reconstruction of Sandringham, although that mansion – like Balmoral – is not a state residence. The Queen is simply a very rich woman, safeguarding her wealth with all the sharpness, all the lack of sentiment or tender conscience, and all the assured complacency which have become natural to the first family of the world's most experienced capitalist class.

The modernised procedure, dating from 1971 – whether this was the Queen's own idea, or that of the Tory Chancellor or some anonymous bureaucrat – brought in a refinement yet more offensive to democracy. Until then, the increases in the Civil List had at least to be voted by Parliament. Now they are made administratively and notified in the obscurity of a written answer to a parliamentary question. The rejoicing at Windsor, one imagines, was tempered by some annoyance because the normally loyal *Sunday Express* chose to publicise the new rates.

The whole combination of arrogance, greed and secrecy strikes a jarring note amid the launching of the orchestrated hypocrisy of Jubilee Year. As the tide of servility mounts, and as the thought-obscuring smoke-clouds become denser, we intend to have more to say about the real privileges and real functions of the monarchy. Meanwhile, we suggest an additional verse to the sycophantic new anthem:

> As she rides, her graceful filly on,
> Radiant on a morning clear,
> Let's agree she's worth a million
> Six hundred and sixty-five thou a year.

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

The Return of Marcia

Last week the *Times* diarist suggested that it was time for another scandal. This week brought the answer to his prayer – a scandal so intriguing, so enjoyable, so relentlessly trivial that it takes the breath away. Who was the man who once threw whisky at Joe Haines? Gerald Kaufman? That nice man? I mean, he looks so respectable. I saw Kaufman not long ago and he was dressed entirely in green. He had green shoes, green socks, a green suit, a green shirt and a green tie. On top of all this sat a shining pink head. The whole effect reminded me of something from the vegetable kingdom – some marvellous cactus that had finally, after 46 years, borne fruit. Do cacti misbehave? Can a succulent lose its temper? Am I to believe Marcia, or must I plump for Haines?

Everyone's following it like mad. The *Mirror* is selling fast ('Oh *you're* reading it as well,' said my newsagent accusingly, as I slid a copy under my *Guardian*) and even the *Evening News* has begun to look interesting ('I HURLED MARCIA ACROSS THE ROOM'). The newsvendors in the Strand have been embroidering on the story. I heard one of them call out: 'Read all about it in the *Evening Liar* – Harold Wilson found in bed with Marcia Williams.' As scandals go, it's comparatively painless; and, since it's not yet derogatory to sterling, one feels entitled to enjoy it.

There is a difference, however, between enjoying the story and approving of the man Haines, or accepting him on his own estimate. Ron Ziegler cannot emerge from a one-year chrysalis transformed into Woodward and Bernstein; nor can the poor man's Ziegler expect us to remain straight-faced when he talks of his loyalty to Harold Wilson, his affection for the man, his concern that history should know 'all the facts' before it makes up its mind. *The* fact is that Haines has made Marcia famous, and done a great deal of damage to what little remained of Wilson's reputation.

One might like the man more if he showed the slightest element of self-criticism or even a modest awareness of the possibility that he might not be perfect. For instance, he described his frustration at having to deny categorically that Marcia was about to be ennobled. But he does not mention (at least in the extracts published so far) what it felt like to browbeat the *News of the World* reporter who had got hold of the story, and to accuse him of fabrication. Nor did he seem to think an apology was called for at the time.

It is this lack of sympathy for other people that is remembered by many of those who knew Haines or worked with him. He is apparently a witty man (one wouldn't guess it from his writing style), but there is a flaw in the wit: it is always at somebody else's expense. There is something repugnant about a man who can only mock others. It shines out in his humourless description of the whisky-throwing incident, designed to show Marcia in a bad light, but from which Haines himself emerges as both malicious and sycophantic.

He was, apparently, generally loathed in the lobby. The only press officer to go ex-directory, he was in great part responsible for the bad relations between Downing Street and the press. As a former lobbyman himself he was considered particularly treacherous – and yet, underneath the loathing, there was a certain fellow-feeling. He was one of us. Perhaps before long he might return to the fold. When the time came, however, it proved difficult even for Wilson to place the man who had become suspected of such passionate scheming. Wilson approached Denis Hamilton, the Editor-in-Chief of Times Newspapers, to see whether James Margach's job might not be made available. No go. And so the *Mirror* bought him up. A column was not a large price to pay for this week's good publicity. The serialisation rights themselves are variously estimated between £30,000 and £80,000. Let's plump for £50,000.

And so the story appeared in the *Mirror* rather than the *Sunday Times*. One can only speculate as to how it would have been written had the market been different. (There is, apparently, a chapter on housing policy which Haines fears will be overlooked. Oh dear.) As it happens, the appearance in the *Mirror* maximises any possible damage to Labour. Nor is it very pleasant to see the *Mirror* men who so assiduously cultivated the Wilson entourage gleefully putting the knife in. Terence Lancaster, who has fed us the titbits every day this week, was once close enough to Marcia to collaborate in the composition of her memoirs. Under such circumstances, I should have thought he might have resisted the temptation to put his name to the stories.

But no. There's a very old-fashioned moral to be pointed here – about the loss of office being accompanied by loss of affection and esteem. When Wilson held office it seemed as if the talents he possessed, as fixer, as schemer, as the only man who could keep the show on the road, were unique. At least that was what one was told. The first thing that happened to this reputation (which did not, of course, amount to anything very glorious) was that it immediately transferred to his successor. Suddenly it was Jim Callaghan who possessed these unique and inestimable skills. Indeed, as Tony Benn pointed out, Callaghan was better, much better, at keeping all parts of the party together. The second thing that happened was the Wilson Honours List, and the outrage it provoked. Meanwhile, as the great wave of economic crisis broke over the bows, Callaghan was able to show himself as a calm and confident skipper. Up and down the country people said: 'Of course Harold saw it coming. That's why he got out.' His reputation sank a little further.

Then came Joe Haines, kicking off with a disclaimer. He had to say, since there had been so much gossip, that he had never seen any sign of affection between Harold and Marcia. Let that be understood from the start. No, what he was talking about was simply the extraordinary influence that Marcia had on Harold, the way that absolutely nothing could be done without her say-so, the way she made life intolerable for those with whom she worked, the way she drew up the Honours List and he just tinkered around with it afterwards, the way she created such scenes everywhere, the way she treated his car as her own and sometimes went off in it when he needed it, the way she had made such a large amount of money . . . on and on. And then, on Wednesday morning:

> I had decided that the role Lady Falkender had played should at least in small measure be disclosed, because I believed her influence had been too great; it is right that in politics no one should count for too much.

If there is anybody of whom it might be suspected that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, I suppose Haines is the man. He is, indeed, a cold fish. Nevertheless, all this talk of disclosing things 'in small measures' is perfectly disingenuous. What Haines know was that he had a good story on his hands, and he decided to sell it. *Basta*! This notion that he peddles – that we will think the more highly of Wilson when we look at what he could have been, rather than what he was restricted to being – is rubbish. *Capax imperii*, if only Lady F had not had him firmly under her thumb? Who would admire a politician the more for being trampled underfoot by his secretary?

When Harold Wilson succeeded to the leadership of the Labour Party in 1963, Vicky drew a cartoon in which the aged Attlee was giving his advice: 'Always remember, Harold, they'll never love you until you're either old or dead.' The cartoon has turned out to be rather wide of the mark – since Wilson did indeed enjoy a period of high esteem, esteem which has now taken a severe blow. Who is the blackest villain of the piece? Harold? Marcia? Or Joe?

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Neil Kinnock

Bullock and the Left

If tomes are anything to go by industrial democracy has come a long way in nine years. Lord Donovan's Royal Commission on Trade Unions and Employers' Associations gave a meagre and meaningless half page to the subject in its otherwise comprehensive report published in 1968. Now it has a couple of hundred pages of inquiry all to itself.

Quite right too. The imperious power, anachronistic prerogatives and social superciliousness of industrial ownership has been resented by a literate, unionised, politically enfranchised British workforce for years. When the resentments have become challenges, the managerial agents of ownership have taken refuge in furtiveness (in the name of commercial confidentiality) or *fait accompli* (to demonstrate either strategic superiority or to gain sympathy for helplessness) or fear (the industrial relations gambit invented by the Pharaohs). Against that background the attempts at friendship in cosy, first-name, all-pull-together joint consultative committees have also failed to dissolve industrial class divisions, remove distrust or defreeze communications even between technocrats and workers who 'just want to get on with the job'. The state has shown no improving example since it has either copied the traditions of capitalist management in its own industries, or refused to extend its interference in the private sector beyond distributing financial largesse.

Industry is obviously too important to be left to the bosses, just as wars are too important to be left to the generals. Neither collective bargaining nor state supervision have attained for workers the ultimate power to formulate and implement the decisions which dominate both their working lives and the life they live because they work. The ideal of industrial democracy is as old as socialism. Now the necessity of rule by consent provides practical endorsement for that cause.

Obviously the cause has enemies. Some trade unionists – seeing the conflict of labour and capital as insoluble, necessary and perhaps familiar and comfortable – are content with the negative sanctions available to them as collective bargainers in a free society. The CBI and the Tory Party have reacted with the same mixture of apoplexy and disingenuous paternalism as does the Rhodesia Front to the idea of enfranchising blacks. They call Bullock bolshevik and unwittingly inflate its modest gradualism into attractive radicalism. Bullockites, hemmed in by left-wing critics, are already explaining that 'the proposals must be worthwhile or the bosses wouldn't be making such a fuss'.

Certainly the proposal to make union membership the sole channel for worker election and representation is a major victory for industrial realism and the views consistently expressed by the Labour Party and the TUC since 1967. However the limitation of the proposals for board membership to companies with 2,000 or more employees effectively excludes millions of unionised workers from being represented on the Bullock boards.

The main criticisms of Bullock must, though, be levelled at the heart of the report. It is in the principles of representation proposed for trade union directors and the arithmetic of board membership that the weaknesses really exist. The channel of representation repeatedly and rightly insisted upon is the trade union. The board members will specifically be required to retain their identity, contact and status as workers and trade unionists; the multi-union joint representation committee of shop stewards will be the electoral 'boundary commission', the shop-floor-boardroom link and probably the source of candidates for board elections. Worker directorship is seen as a complement to collective bargaining and not an alterna-

'If you don't shut up speakin' without bein' spoke to,' he said, 'we'll – we'll chuck you out.' 'If you do,' said Violet Elizabeth serenely, 'I'll thcream an' thcream an' thcream till I'm thick.' And added with pride, 'I can!' – William – the Conqueror, by Richmal Crompton

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tive to, replacement of or distraction from it. And then, just as the report's recommendations become a compelling democratic charter, the Bullock committee flunks out.

In the central matter of industrial disputes the worker directors would be allowed to discuss the conflict but are seen as being either 'unlikely to demand that senior management reveal their bargaining position and strategy' or willing to accept with equanimity that they 'would not be supported' by the non-worker majority of board members. Eunuchs, or cricketing public schoolboys, would obviously fit the job admirably. Both are, however, rare among the ranks of shopfloor union leaders, especially those with the kind of personality and purpose which makes them worker directors. The result will be, therefore, that trade union representatives will use their right to propose that management negotiating positions are revealed to the board and the shareholder representatives with the assistance of the co-opted directors will defeat that proposition. Such demonstrations that real power has not changed hands will irritate the worker directors. More important, they will sabotage any confidence that the shopfloor constituents of those directors have in the Bullock system as an advance towards democracy. It is at such times that the apostles of 'more say' will face their moment of truth. More say and no more do is a formula for disillusionment. Those who espouse the cause of 'participation' rather than control must really investigate whether their belief that the right to elect a board minority with the power to do no more than discuss the crucial issues of working life can withstand the pressures of reality.

The handicaps imposed upon unions by the Bullock structure are not confined to the constitutional limitations in disputes. Definitions of the subjects which can be discussed by the Board, the composition of board subcommittees and a host of other questions which are the very stuff of board power must all be matters of majority decision.

Like the TUC, the committee convincingly argues that anything less than numerical parity for worker directors with shareholder directors would be an unjust and self defeating allocation of responsibility without power. Then they perpetrate just such an injustice with the incredible '2x + y' formula. The Bullock board will be composed of equal numbers of representatives of shareholders and workers plus an odd number of co-opted directors with full voting and deliberative rights. And who would these deadlock-breaking, non-partisan, extrospective arbiters with 'special experience and expertise' be? Maybe 'someone in the company itself – among senior or middle management' or 'of the best among those who are present non-executive directors; of senior personnel from other companies with a particular interest in or connection with the business of the company; of people with special expertise like solicitors, bankers, accountants and so on'. Oh yes, and 'local and national trade union officials'.

Peers made redundant by House of Lords reform would be well suited to this purpose. The co-opted directors would obviously have the same function in industrial democracy as that exercised by their Lordships in parliamentary democracy now, namely to ensure that the workers win as rarely as possible.

Anticipating disagreements over co-option between worker and shareholder representatives the report proposes a tripartite industrial Democracy Commission with the function, among other things, of conciliating between the two sides and in the last resort making a binding nomination. With or without such arbitration therefore, the Bullock essay in industrial democracy involves government by a permanent gerrymandered non-employee majority. For workers' representatives it means position without power.

There are, of course, no such restrictions on the other participants in the industrial democracy. Shareholders representatives exercise exactly the same power as at present except for the occasional obligation to provide information. Even that power is not necessarily representative since it is decades since anyone but the very largest individual and institutional shareholders played anything but a passive role in Bullock-sized companies. Far from being an assault on either ownership power or on corporatism, therefore, Bullock's recommendations provide a democratic face for capitalist hierarchy.

In the one area where even the Bullock initiative in industrial democracy could have had a direct and uncompromising effect – the rights and duties of trade union board members – the report comes to the sadly unrealistic recommendation that the workers' men should be 'reporting back' representatives rather than delegates mandated by membership. It is as if Edmund Burke and not Alan Bullock had led the committee. The representative function is a necessity for parliamentarians. They must serve the whole electorate, they must preserve independence or abandon trust, they are unavoidably distant geographically from the voters. But essentially their task is different from that of the shopfloor trade union representative with an electorate composed of his workmates whom he must lead on the basis of daily recall.

'The aim (of industrial democracy) must be to give legal rights to work people of collective participation and control over decisions which the collective bargaining and consultative process have not given them' said the TUC evidence to Bullock. If these recommendations are adopted there will be new legal rights for work people. But they will at best be the right to information and the right to come second in boardroom divisions. The 'control over decisions' which is the workers' next step beyond collective bargaining and consultation is still a prohibited privilege for workers. If Bullock's thin gruel brings demands for more it will have been a useful appetiser. Let's hope it has not dulled the taste for real power.

Naomi Shepherd

Israel's African Connections

Yitzhak Rabin's Geneva rendezvous with Ivory Coast President Houphouet-Boigny last week was clearly geared to the short-term view of Afro-Arab relations and the long-term hopes Israel has of resuming ties with black Africa. At the Afro-Arab summit meeting in Cairo the subject of much-needed Arab concessions on oil prices and the disappointing level of Arab aid to Africa will inevitably be discussed and the Geneva meeting could provide some states with extra leverage. But neither Houphouet-Boigny nor Senegal's Leopold Senghor with whom Rabin conferred at last year's Socialist International rank as popular or influential figures at the OAU whose stand remains anti-Israel. From Israel's viewpoint, however, the meeting highlighted what few Israelis knew: that Israel's activities in black Africa had not ended with the Yom Kippur war.

Today there are Israeli desks at friendly foreign embassies in ten African states; commercial activities by private companies are booming in several countries, including vast construction projects carried out by the Histadrut's Solel Boneh in Nigeria, a network of industrial activities by the giant industrial syndicate Koor, sometimes together with Dutch firms, more building projects in Kenya and hotels in the Ivory Coast and elsewhere in tourist trade development. About 100 Israeli technical experts under international flags are working in rural development and labour organisation projects in countries which have no formal contact with Israel; and a steady stream of African administrators continue to attend courses in Israel. The Histadrut's Afro-Asian Institute which has in the past trained over 6,000 Africans from 30 countries in techniques of labour organisation, cooperative work and social education has had 900 African students since the Yom Kippur war – all of whose visits were financed by the Africans themselves.

This international skeleton service, though not comparable to that carried on during the peak years of Afro-Israel relations, suggests that both sides want to circumvent the diplomatic ban – Israel for political and the Africans for economic and technical reasons. Apart from the prime obstacle of Arab opposition, two problems limit the expansion of these links. First comes Israel's handling of her relations with South Africa. Israel's recent upgrading of diplomatic relations with South Africa, the ill-timed visit last year of Premier Vorster to Israel, opposed by leading figures in Israel's diplomatic service, and the growth of trade between the two countries (Israeli exports rose from $10m. in 1973 to $40m. in 1976) have all been defended as pragmatic decisions which have little or no effect on black Africa. Israel's ambassador at the

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UN, Chaim Herzog, stated last November that Israel's share of South Africa's foreign trade in 1974 was only 0.4 per cent, that Iraq and Saudi Arabia had among many others infringed the OAU-prescribed economic boycott of South Africa, and that Israel was unfairly singled out for condemnation by the UN special committee against apartheid. Officials argued here that Israel's recent failure to condemn apartheid at UN sessions is because resolutions are invariably bracketed with condemnations of Zionism as racialism. But Israeli politicians and African experts here privately admit that Israel's South African policy has helped Arab propaganda in black Africa.

There are two main reasons at this time why Israel cultivates the South African connection: one is that the 120,000-strong Jewish community in South Africa is the biggest *per capita* contributor to Israel in the Diaspora and that South Africa not only permits generous donations but encourages investment in Israel to the tune of some 20m. Rand annually. The other is that Israel is currently negotiating for cheaply-mined African coal to fuel the giant power station now under construction near Hadera in central Israel which will need some 3 million tons yearly. Whether these current advantages will eventually outweigh African resentment remains to be seen.

The second problem is whether Israel is doing enough to prepare a rational and selective programme of expanded advisory activities in Africa and to coordinate them with possible economic ties. From the early Sixties onwards there were two aspects to Israel's African adventure: one was commercial. In some cases there were jointly-owned firms in which the Africans had the controlling interest, Israel provided management and know-how, and the Africans could ultimately buy the Israelis out. The other aspect was a network of advisory activities whose motive was primarily political but which also opened up economic opportunities for the introduction of Israeli products and equipment into the African market. Israel built up a good reputation for help with agricultural development and training youth movement, education, medical aid and training public administration and in a handful of countries military aid. The Israeli Government's headache with the commercial aspect was that it had little control over private companies which are now the only ones operating (even the Histadrut concerns act privately now in Africa) and over their choice of personnel. Israeli commercial colonies that vastly outnumbered the advisers did not always win golden reputations. Where technical aid is concerned, Israel will have to be more selective in the future, given limited resources and the current anti-African feelings by the Israeli taxpayer who saw himself betrayed by the Africans he had helped. Israel's chief contribution must be in regional development and the training of skilled African personnel to carry on after the experts have left, since it cannot compete with other countries in capital investment and large-scale equipment often left useless for lack of trained operators. This need not wait on the next exchange of top hats.

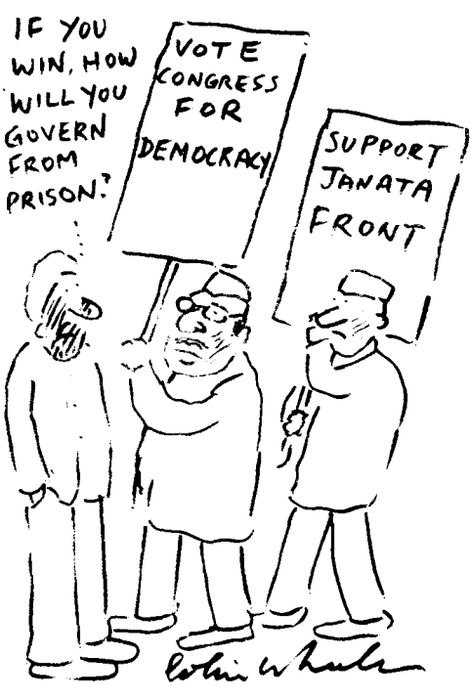
Jerusalem

K. R. Sundar Rajan

Mrs Gandhi's Hostage

On the evening of 24 September last, as I was preparing to go home two men walked into my office in the *Times of India* jauntily and announced that Assistant Commissioner of Police Suresh Pendse wanted to see me immediately. One of them showed me his identity card. I said that if Pendse wanted to meet me he could do so at *my* office by prior appointment but that I was not keen on seeing him. 'You must come,' the plainclothesman said, with a hint of the worst in his voice. 'Anyway, it will be over in a few minutes. Just a few questions.' I reiterated my reluctance to oblige, whereupon he dialled Pendse's office. 'Mr Rajan refuses to come,' he told his boss. This was followed by an angry exchange of words between me and the Assistant Commissioner. 'You will have to come to police headquarters,' he said. 'Don't forget there is an emergency and we do not require the usual formalities.' Then the three of us walked the few blocks to Pendse's office. The first words he spoke to me were: 'You are under arrest.' Again we had a word fight on the propriety of ordering a citizen to police headquarters without any warrant. Pendse lectured me on the new powers of the police under the emergency. Then he ordered coffee and cigarettes. After I signed a lot of papers depriving me of my freedom, five police officials including Pendse drove me to my home in a station wagon to bid farewell to my wife and two sons. At least three more plainclothesmen were on guard outside my apartment. At 10 p.m. I was deposited at Bombay Central Prison from where I was released on the night of 25 January.

In a way, I felt a sense of relief on my arrest. It came at the end of nearly four months of intense harassment by various intelligence agencies. During this period my office, cabin and house were raided, my telephone was systematically tapped, my personal mail confiscated, and I was on round-the-clock surveillance. I was interrogated several times, once for as long as nine hours continuously. One afternoon I was summoned to the Enforcement Branch of the Cabinet Secretariat at just 20 minutes notice and grilled mercilessly.



Officials of the Enforcement Branch claimed that they were only interested in finding out whether I had failed to repatriate the proceeds of my articles in British and American newspapers. 'We just do not bother about your political views,' one of them said. 'Our department only deals with economic offences.' But it was clear from the beginning that the Enforcement Branch was being used as a cover for a political witch-hunt. One evening, a rather friendly official called at my office and said many of the anonymous writings in the Western press exposing the administration's and ruling Congress Party's misdeeds during the emergency were being attributed to me and that I better be careful. 'If you aren't you will be packed off to jail,' he said. 'But at the moment the idea is not to arrest you for anything connected with your political views but to brand you as a smuggler.' He then laughingly added: 'You know, journalists who write for the foreign press anonymously are, in the Government's view, more dangerous than crooks who deal in gold and French perfume. You fellows are smugglers of ideas!'

During one grilling session I was shown photostat copies of three articles I had written for the *Toronto Star*, the *Los Angeles Times* and the *Boston Globe* without any specific request from their editors but hoping they would be published. The subject was the passive resistance movement against the emergency in the course of which about 80,000 men and women had been imprisoned under the most revolting conditions. 'Where is the payment for these articles?' I was asked repeatedly. My answer was that the articles were not published and didn't even leave the shores of India as the police had intercepted them.

In early September, Vidya Charan Shukla, Mrs Gandhi's Information Minister, summoned the few Western correspondents in Delhi and beamingly announced that all constraints on reporting for the foreign press had been removed. Since he did not specify that this kindness would be restricted only to foreigners, I sent a mildly critical article on the emergency to the *Los Angeles Times* and another equally guarded one to the *Christian Science Monitor*. They reflected more sorrow than anger over the continuing excesses of the Indian Government in the name of discipline and dedication. As I learned subsequently, the Indian Foreign Office strongly resented their publication. One old hand at thought con-

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trol in the external publicity outfit in Delhi expressed the view that left to himself he would not permit any Indian journalist to write for the foreign press. Apparently, my arrest was intended to reform the half a dozen or so Indian 'stringers' of Western papers who have been desperately trying to convey to the outside world some idea of the steady abridgement of democracy.

I'm beholden to Mrs Gandhi for two things – for not arresting me as a smuggler for this would have meant imprisonment of the most humiliating kind and, secondly for consigning me to Bombay Central Prison, one of the few prisons in India where political detainees are treated with some consideration. The Committee for People's Struggle, which has been waging an unequal struggle for civil liberties and human decencies, has just published a detailed account of police and prison excesses. Even if a small part of them are true, it reflects poorly on a government which claims to be practising the ideals of Mahatma Gandhi.

No one knows how many people were arrested after the emergency was clamped down in the early hours of 26 June 1975. Opposition politicians say the figure must be around 200,000 and that at any given time till Mrs Gandhi announced her guarded return to 'disciplined democracy' on 18 January there would have been not less than 80,000 detainees held under the infamous Maintenance of Internal Security Act (MISA). The continuing tragedy is that between 15,000 and 20,000 men and women are fated to languish in prisons on the utterly ridiculous plea that they are extremists and plotted to bring down Mrs Gandhi through violence and terror. Most of them were whisked away for reasons which even a village court would laugh at. Dozens of professors, lawyers, doctors and students are being detained only because their return to their homes as free men will upset the post-emergency (and post-Ram) political balance in favour of local Congress Party chieftains in their areas.

Bombay

Norman Buchan

Glasgow's Short Way with Refugees

Glasgow is pretty proud of its dance halls. This is a dancing city. So it will come as a shock to hear Tiffany's in Sauchiehall Street described as 'sleazy'. It will be an even bigger shock to Mecca, who own the place. But that definition is only one of a series of *obiter dicta* that appear in the various determinations of Mr I. W. D. Aitcheson, the Scottish adjudicator appointed to hear appeals under the Immigration Act of 1971. There is, of course, something about the judicial bench that seems to make such remarks irresistible to judges. But often they are at least restrained by the evidence in front of them – and the fact of possible appeal against them if they stray too outrageously. Not so with these adjudicators, apparently.

Last week there was a storm in the Commons over the attitudes of both Mr Aitcheson, and the chief adjudicator in London, over judgments and remarks made in relation to entry applications by Chilean refugees in the Argentine. In a curious way however, this has irritated some of the community workers involved in the operation of the Act. 'We have been trying to tell you about this man's decisions,' they say, 'and not until there are white Chileans involved do you get steamed up.' Well, they may be right.

I have been looking at a number of his determinations, and two in particular. One Chilean, one Asian. The first is based on the most appalling apparent ignorance of the facts of the events in Chile, and the present prevailing situation in Chile and the Argentine. A family of three, the Troncosos, he describes as 'communist agitators'. He then goes on to dispute, both by implication and directly that they are in any danger in the Argentine. For example, Roberto: 'His entry into the Argentine was by regular channels,' and this 'is not indicative of a person fleeing the country.'

So, ignorance of the situation facing 'communist agitators' in Chile and the Argentine. But how did he arrive at this description in the first place? *Line 4*: 'All three appellants describe themselves as militants of the Socialist Party in Chile, i.e. communist agitators.' (So much for the Labour Government's support for the Allende regime.)

He deals summarily with Paragraph 55 of the Regulations, HC 81. This is the paragraph that deals with political asylum. It says that any 'passenger' who does not otherwise qualify for entry should be admitted if, in the only other country to which he could go, he would be persecuted. His decision to reject is, he says, reinforced by the word 'passenger' rather than 'person' because this can only apply to appellants who actually arrive at a UK port. And since these three are stuck in the Argentine he concludes contentedly, 'thus none of the appellants can bring him or herself within the purview of Paragraph 55'.

Then he turns his attention to this country. He complains first that people are interfering: 'I understand that solicitations in the usual pattern by a Member of Parliament are being made to the Home Secretary.' (So much for representative government!) And in his final and clinching paragraph he turns his attention to other matters:

> In addition, the curent all time peak level of unemployment in Scotland was nearly increased on a substantial scale when communist agitators tried to prevent completion by Lithgow Limited and Yarrow Limited of naval contracts placed by the Chilean Government . . . For all these reasons I would respectfully urge the Home Secretary to refuse the exercise of discretion and to exclude all three appellants . . .

'Perhaps,' he adds as a last sentence. 'Cuba might be a country more receptive to the political aspirations of all three appellants.'

The second case brings us to the word 'sleazy'. It concerns a young Pakistani, and I choose it precisely because it is not a 'good' case in that the appellant may not have been entirely blameless. It is alleged that when he arrived he said he was married. There is some suggestion that a 'friendly' adviser suggested he say this as an easier means of getting in as a visitor. 'At the hearing,' says the adjudicator, 'events took a new turn when he admitted in cross-examination that he had "picked up" a spinster Scot, named A— M—, at a "sleazy" dance hall, known as Tiffany's, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.' He said that he had since contracted a valid marriage, and therefore any restrictions on his entry should be waived. There seems no doubt about the marriage. Now, the validity of a marriage is a legal question, to be settled by the courts. The adjudicator decided to settle it himself: 'The appellant struck me as a complete and unmitigated liar.'

Now, the only appeal allowable against a determination is on legal grounds. But Mr Aitcheson says: '. . . unmitigated liar and I do not consider it necessary to rehearse the brief arguments submitted to me by Mr A. J. Calder for the Home Office and Mr Jack, solicitor for the appellant.' So the legal arguments on which an appeal could be made are not given.

The senior community relations officer for Strathclyde is so disturbed by the attitudes being expressed in these determinations, especially towards Asians, that he is going to the unusual lengths of putting out a statement listing some of them. The statement claims: 'The adjudicator has said in court that if Asian wives are allowed to come here, Britain will become "the dustbin of the world".'

Finally, in one case in which Mr Aitcheson actually found for the appellant, he regretted having to do so. It is worth quoting in full:

> I would mention in passing that the appellants have received the benefit of errors of drafting of the Pakistan Act 1973 since they are still accorded the status of Commonwealth citizens by virtue of their applications being in the pipeline at the time Pakistan seceded from the Commonwealth. Had the appeals fallen to be determined in terms of paras 34-39 of HS 81, I should have no hesitation in dismissing them on the grounds that the sponsor cannot accommodate his dependants on the present income and assets without their becoming a burden on public funds. The appeals are therefore allowed.

What he means, of course, by 'errors of drafting' is that he objects to the existing law. So he, even in three determinations, has attacked Tiffany's, Chilean Socialists, Scottish trade unionists, unfortunate Scots spinsters, the law and law-makers. No wonder, if our judicial spokesmen think like this that the Scottish Football Association should have little compunction in playing a football match in the torture Stadium of Santiago.

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Peter Wilby

No Politics in the Classroom?

Political education: the very words have sinister overtones, multiple echoes of the Third Reich, the *Gulag* and the Maoist cultural revolution. Politics, according to conventional wisdom, should be kept out of schools. It is second only to pornography in its power to corrupt the minds of the young. It leads to indoctrination, Trotskyism and such horrors as comprehensive education. It is a thin edge of a wedge: ultimately, the state would see to it that only the doctrines of the established regime were taught.

Yet religious education is in fact the only part of the English curriculum that is compulsory by Act of Parliament. As intended by the 1944 Act, it involves teaching the established religion of the state (to an agnostic or a Moslem, the differences between Canterbury and Rome are trifling) without any attempt at either scepticism or detachment. This controversial subject is permitted, no doubt, because it is assumed to be socially harmless and most people have no strong feeling about it either way.

A school system that purports to prepare children for adult life ought to see politics as a vital area of the curriculum. Within two years of the minimum leaving age, their charges will have the right to vote. Even if they choose to stay away from the ballot box, their lives will be touched by political processes and political decisions at every point – factory regulations, trade union rules, tax and insurance contributions, prescription charges and so on.

The current state of political education is pathetic, though the schools themselves are hardly to blame. The scant official pronouncements on the subject suggest that schools should confine themselves to teaching deference and duty – 'the old and simple virtues of humility, service, restraint and respect for personality', as a Ministry of Education pamphlet put it in 1949.

For many pupils, their only acquaintance with politics at school is through examination courses in British Constitution, which achieve the minor pedagogical miracle of omitting anything of the slightest interest or importance in British politics. 'Distinguish between a Private Bill and a Private Member's Bill. Explain carefully the stages through which each type of Bill must pass before it becomes law.' 'What part does the monarch play in the working of the British constitution?' 'Describe and explain *three* major conventions concerning the cabinet'. 'What services are provided by a county council in England and how are they financed?' These are typical O level questions. Mercifully, several examination boards are abandoning this seedy version of academic learning and introducing papers that reward understanding of what a cabinet or a county council might be arguing about.

A few schools have been imaginative in trying to expand political horizons – even alarmingly so. There have been reports of teachers holding Nazi-style rallies to show how easily a mass movement can gather support and giving lessons on fictitious South American coups to show how false information can gain currency.

But the abysmal failure of the majority is illustrated by the depths of political ignorance revealed in a recent Hansard Society survey of 15-year-olds. It wasn't so much the lack of elementary information about the names of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary that was depressing (though that was bad enough) as the absence of simple political understanding. No less than 25 per cent thought the Tories stood for more nationalisation; 25 per cent didn't know that Russia was communist.

What should a good political education syllabus include? Not learning Acts of Parliament, which are about as relevant to politics as the genealogy of the House of David is to religion. What students need to know about are the main areas of political disagreement, the various kinds of evidence (and the various interpretations of the same evidence) people adduce to support their views. They should understand how political decisions and political arguments affect their own lives – their tax liabilities, their chances of getting a house, their membership of trade unions, their need for good medical attention, their hopes of getting to university or college. They should be familiar with the means, if any, by which the citizen can get political decisions and conventions changed, whether at Whitehall, the town hall, the company board-room or the union head office.

But as soon as political education is mapped out in these terms someone raises the objection of teacher bias. How can we be sure that teachers will not indoctrinate their pupils? Significantly the objection is most loudly raised on the Right, which seems unable to imagine political exchange except in terms of indoctrination. Yet it is doubtful, even if there were a significant proportion of teachers bent on indoctrination, whether there would be a problem at all. For several years, some Scottish schools have offered political education in the form of an O level course in modern studies, whose architects hoped that children would become not only more knowledgeable but also more positive in their political attitudes. The children's attitudes were carefully tested in a survey in 1969-70. 'There are some powerful men in the government who are running the whole thing and do not care about ordinary people.' 'Most people in politics are clever people who seem to know what they are doing.' 'It is sometimes necessary to use force to advance an idea that one believes in.' 'People in government waste hardly any money that is paid in taxes.' The modern studies course was supposed to be a success if the children taking it dissented from the first and third propositions and assented to the second and fourth. In fact, they were no more or less likely to assent or dissent than their peers (with similar IQs and social class backgrounds) who didn't take the course. Which suggests, that teachers are not only incapable of indoctrination but unable even to destroy simple realism and common sense.

The belief that political education can 'save' parliamentary democracy or the British way of life is typical of the overblown ambitions of the modern educator. But it can achieve the more modest aim of introducing children to opinions and prejudices and of indicating the means by which they might articulate their own opinions and prejudices. If we are to have a national common core, it would be almost absurd not to include some outline of a political syllabus. The subject ought to be eagerly embraced by comprehensive schools, since it entails no problems about different abilities and different needs. Every child, whether he is to become a university professor or an unskilled labourer, will be entitled to vote. It is the one school subject where there can be no argument about the desirability of mixed ability teaching.

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Paul Johnson

Labour and the New Leviathan

It is now fashionable to express concern about the anti-democratic threat to the Labour Party constituted by the totalitarian Left. Shirley Williams has made a much-publicised speech about it, and even Jim Callaghan has weighed in, though his concern is characteristically practical rather than philosophical – 'trouble makers in my constituency'. In fact the threat to democracy within the Labour movement, and indeed in Britain, is both wider and deeper than such pundits suppose.

Most of us, nowadays, are social democrats, whether we vote Labour, Liberal or Tory; that is, we believe in a society in which the state acts in the interests of everyone, regardless of group or class, or sex or colour, and in which the individual is accorded equal rights and given the chance to realise his capacities. The object of the social democratic state is to strike, and to hold, the correct balance between the requirements of social justice and the rights of every individual. But alas! That is not the kind of society we are actually creating. Very largely by accident, and certainly without any conscious grand design, we are slipping towards a Leviathan state, in which organised force, violence or compulsion is the prime determinant of politics, and in which, increasingly, the brute power of the group, buttressed by statutory privileges which place it above common law, overrides the public and the individual in the pursuit of its sectional interests: a society in which the ordinary person is nothing, and the corporation everything.

Left and Right are now increasingly meaningless terms; the true dividing line runs between those who put their trust in the individual and those who insist on the moral righteousness of the collective. It is no accident that the collectivists, from whatever end of the spectrum they claim to come, always tend, in the end, to hate parliamentary institutions, because such free assemblies at their best exalt and ennoble individuals, and at the worst accord them some degree of protection.

There can be no doubt that the extremist groups who have successfully penetrated Labour constituency parties are committed to the destruction of the parliamentary system in Britain. Some of them admit it quite openly. *Socialist Worker*, the organ of one such group, states flatly in a recent issue: 'There is no parliamentary road'. The workers must 'collectively seize control'. It insists that 'The present system cannot be patched up, or reformed . . . It has to be overthrown.' What must replace Parliament is 'a workers' state based upon councils of workers' delegates and a workers' militia'. Parliament should be used only 'to make propaganda against the system', the ultimate aim being to destroy it utterly.

Reading such journals, one is at a loss to understand how the Labour Party's attempts to protect itself, and its MPs, from such authoritarians can reasonably be described as 'witch-hunting'. The essence of the witch-hunt, I take it, was that it was aimed at people who were, almost by definition, innocent, for the most part bewildered old women; even in its modern incarnation, under Senator McCarthy, the victims were guiltless, or at the worst dupes. You cannot witch-hunt the aggressor. Those who are trying to take over the Labour Party are, quite consciously, committed to destroy its political philosophy and its institutions, and see it simply as a convenient vehicle from which 'to make propaganda against the system'. Indeed, in their contempt for the individual – particularly the individual voter or MP – and their habit of working in tightly-organised groups or packs, they are not so much hunted as hunters. With their fanatical dogmatism and intolerance, their ideological ancestors are the heresy-hunters and militant theologians of the Dark Age church, the bloodthirsty friars of the Dominican Inquisition, the men who lit the fires at Smithfield and at the *auto-da-fé*, and the Puritan bigots of Geneva, Scotland and New England. Such Pharisaical creatures, born to believe and minded to ram their nostrums down the throats of the rest of us, have stained the pages of history in every age. In the name of humanism and reason, we have not only a right but (I would claim) a positive duty to stand up to them and kick them off the stage – not least in self-defence, since behind their *odium theologicum*, their sanctimonious canting and stiff-necked religiosity, is a lip-smacking taste for violence.

For it is a fact that collectivism and violence always go together. Human beings do not need much urging to kill and terrorise, at the best of times; supply them with the moral authority of the collective, and they will do so with enthusiasm and pride. St Augustine felt he was speaking for the collective church and the entire Apostolic Succession when he first abused the biblical text 'Compel them to come in' to justify official persecution of heretics. Moses, speaking for God and history as well as the Chosen People, made no bones about massacring the Midianites: 'Now therefore kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman that hath known man by lying with him.' (*Numbers*, 31: 17). The Old Testament prophets were never slow to bid their followers to smite hard. Karl Marx, the last of them, had no doubt that the moral authority invested in the collectivist forces by his determinist theory of history justified any resort to violence which was necessary to realise his vision.

There is not much evidence that Marx enjoyed violence for its own sake. But many of his followers did and do. A taste for violence was of the very essence of Trotsky's character, of his methodology and his philosophy of action. Without violence, the man's whole life is meaningless and empty. Indeed, I would argue that it was inevitable that Marx's collectivist determination (or historicism) should breed violence on an unprecedented scale once his teachings spread; as was equally true of Hitler's rather different version of historical necessity. It is always a temptation to the *exalté* to hurry along whatever apocalypse he believes in. That is one of the many reasons why communist and fascist revolutionaries have so much in common; and why their differences are, by comparison, of little importance. Hence there have been many important bridge-figures between the communist and fascist ideologies.

Thus Georges Sorel, the French communist and the most influential of Marx's deviant followers, effectively transplanted Marxist violence to the fascist ideological *corpus*. In his *Réflections sur la violence*, he argued that the necessary use of force tested the virility of a people, a class or a nation. The class war was historically inevitable and indeed desirable in itself. 'Proletarian violence', he said, should be 'carried on as a pure and simple manifestation of the sentiment of the class war'; this 'fine and heroic thing' might not bring 'immediate material advantages' but it would 'save the world from barbarism'. He was disgusted by the fact that 'ever since social democracy has become the centre of government policy it has inculcated the adoption of pacific tendencies in worker-management relations'. That was treason, since 'The class struggle is the Alpha and Omega of Socialism' (*Matériaux d'une théorie du proletariat*). Sorel's form of Marxism was a potent influence on French and Italian fascism. His heirs, such as Jean Luchaire and Marcel Déat, later formed the radical wing of the Vichy movement and Gallic National Socialism. Sorel was one of Mussolini's favourites, along with the equally violent Blanqui and Kropotkin. In fact the young Mussolini used to refer to himself as *un apostolo di violenza*, and the first paper he founded was called *La Lotta di Classe* (The Class Struggle). When Italian fascism took over Sorel's ideology, it devoted particular emphasis to his condemnation of parliamentary democracy as essentially a middle-class phenomenon that corrupted and distorted the correct moral instincts of *il popolo*.

It is impossible to read the newspapers associated with the groups now taking over the Left of the Labour Party without catching the fascist overtones, the obsession not only with violence but with such concepts as virility and energy, and the need for 'action', preferably 'direct action', as opposed to 'words'. There is a constant re-

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HITLER, MARXISM AND MR. BENN–

A CORRECTION.

On December 17, we stated that Hitler said in a public speech in 1941, "basically National Socialism and Marxism are the same." We based this on a number of references including the *Bulletin of International News;* Professor Eduard Heimann's *Social Research;* and F. A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom.*

We were probably wrong. We are grateful to Mr. J. W. Bruegel in pointing this out in letters to the *New Statesman.*

In fact, in this speech Hitler said "...I am a fanatical socialist."

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iteration of the words 'vital' and 'energy' in every conceivable context. One paper, organ of the Young Communist League, has a strip-cartoon, showing a handsome, virile and muscular hero, 'Super Red', hitting opponents on the jaw 'Sock!'), with the snarl: 'How does it feel to be on the receiving-end, fascist?' There is much discussion about 'harnessing the energy' of pop fans, particularly those addicted to the more violent, activist musical forms. Thus one writer argues: 'Punk Rock, particularly the Sex Pistols is *not* on our side . . . The Clash bands are different, but that is precisely the reason *not* to identify them with deviation-mongers like the Sex Pistols.' But some dispute that Punk Rock is fascist, seeing its fans as putative Marxists: 'I think it is an important part of our work to try and win the energy of Punk Rock fans to socialist politics, as an alternative to barbarism.' Several papers praise an organisation called 'Rock against Racism'; designed to ensure 'we use all the energy available'.

Language of Violence

In choice both of language and content these anti-parliamentary groups and their papers stress the importance of 'action' and the centrality of violence in politics. The papers abound with stories of murder and massacre of workers abroad, of police violence at home; they are, as it were, political horror comics. The key words, endlessly repeated, are struggle, hounded, upsurge, harassment, vandalised, campaign – hallmarks of what you might call the 'Out! Out! Out!' school of thought. The good are characterised by activist vigour, furious emotion and boiling determination; the class enemies are dismissed with such words as senile, gibbering, futile, supine, hack and puppet (unless they are police, in which case they are vicious). Attention is constantly drawn to papers published by other, related causes, such as homosexuality, women's lib, black power; one such, called *Flame*, is said to be 'burning now'. Another is *Fight*, with its slogan 'Smash the Social Contract!' The headlines reflect a crude marriage between the class-warfare obsessions of Sorel and sub-editorial Flash Gordonism: 'Kill the Cuts!', 'Firemen Hit Out over Whisky Blast!', 'Fury Over Early Retirement Deal!', Vicious Frame-up by Police!', 'Remember Bloody Sunday!', 'Secret Plan Threat to Students!', 'Jobs Battle Looms!', 'Prisoner of Terror!' and 'Fight the Mish-Mash Menace!'. The tone is summed up by a reader's letter beginning: 'Sadie Blood's article last week on how our kids are being sacrificed was great.'

The concern with activist violence is, of course, directly related to the belief in collectivist historical forces, whose triumph is, preordained and inevitable. With it goes a profound indifference to the individual except as class symbol; only thus can the hideous sufferings inflicted by the 'necessary' violence be comfortably brushed aside. The ordinary human being is of no importance compared with the organism, whether it be class, party or state. Here we can trace the influence of Hegel, father of both Marxism and fascism. To Hegel the individual only fulfilled himself when he was subsumed in the higher collectivity of the group. To Marx, he bequeathed the intellectual machinery of communism, the weird system of non-logical argument known as the dialectic, which Marx brought down from the empyrean of ideas to the brutal plane of material forces. To Hitler Hegel donated the practical machinery of German race-discipline, for it was Hegel, well described by Kierkegaard as a 'horrid little academic', who supplied the ideology of Prussian authoritarianism. To both Marxists and fascists he gave the idea of the all-encompassing state, as opposed to the parliamentary individualism of the democratic West. It was in the state, he argued, that the individual lost his demeaning uniqueness and was merged in a higher corporatist form. As Mussolini put it: 'Everything for the state, nothing outside the state, nothing against the state.'

Until recently, it has been difficult to see the Labour Party as a corporatist movement. True, it had always paid verbal tribute to collectivism; but the individualist tradition of Locke, embodied in the parliamentary system, had been strong and all-pervasive enough to capture and civilise Labour's political wing. And, in addition the Labour movement contained a powerful element of Nonconformist Christian individualism, animated not by a corporatist church but by a tradition of direct communion between the individual and the Deity via the Bible. It was this conjunction which made Labour the social democratic party par excellence. But things have changed greatly over the last generation, and the process is accelerating fast. Since the war, no force in Britain has declined more swiftly than Nonconformity. As a recent survey of the reading habits of Labour MPs suggests, the Christian presence has virtually disappeared from the party.

Scuttle of Feet

The Marxist element, by contrast, has grown with astonishing speed, especially with the huge expansion of working-class university education in the 1960s and the consequent explosion of the sociology industry. With its doctrine of class-warfare, and its anti-individualist cult of violence, the new Labour Left is, as we have noted, strongly corporatist and directly related to the main body of Marxist-fascist ideology. Hence the tramp, tramp of totalitarian feet marching into the constituency parties has been accompanied by the pitter-patter of middle-class liberals scuttling out. That, of course, is one important reason why the Marxists find it so easy to take over – in many local parties they are largely filling a vacuum. But the Marxist invasion is not the only, or even the chief, reason why the middle class is deserting Labour. The explanation lies in the rapid shift of the balance of power within the movement to its corporatist element – the unions.

It is not my intention here to analyse the process whereby the union bosses hijacked the Labour Party. The man who made it possible was, of course, Ted Heath. In one of his essays, Karl Popper suggests that the real task of theoretical social scientists ought to be to trace the unintended social consequences of intended human actions. A case in point is Heath's Industrial Relations Act. It not only wrecked his government but led to a huge and rapid increase in union bureaucratic power. Of course Heath's error was to test his theories to destruction against the mineworkers, the one union (apart from the electrical power men) not easily scared by a whiff of judicial grapeshot. As a result, not only the Labour leadership but the entire nation is in danger of being frightened to death by paper tigers. In its terror, it is embracing the corporate state.

Corporatist Philosophy

The Bullock Report here marks a milestone. Indeed, it may well go down in history as Britain's first corporatist state paper. As the terms of reference were deliberately framed (on the lines of 'Have you stopped beating your wife?') to make a union victory inevitable, the result was bound to be intellectually beneath contempt. How it could receive the signature of the head of an Oxford college surprises me; but we have learnt from bitter experience that academics, once separated from their pupils and studies, are capable of anything. Some of its statements seem to verge, at first glance, on the satirical; as, for instance, the observation that it has been the policy of all British 20th-century governments, 'particularly over the last ten years', to strengthen trade unionism; or a glutinous passage praising the moderation, good-sense etc. of shop stewards. Their system, we are assured, is more democratic than 'other bodies which are organised on democratic lines'; and, since their hatred of extremism is so well known, 'We think that companies in this country will find it useful to have such people on their boards.' No: this is meant to be a serious report; and reading it is like spending several hours in a stifling room, being hit over the head with a wet copy of last year's *TUC Report*.

Two points in particular strike me as indicative of its strongly corporatist philosophy. One is its deep-rooted distrust of ordinary counting-heads democracy, which it sees, rightly in my view, as absolutely fatal to the objects, methods and claims of the present trade union movement. Indeed, it seems to regard any form of activity among industrial workers outside the trade union framework to be dangerous and illegitimate, if not actually illegal. This philosophy crops up throughout the proposals: in the framing of the ballot-question, in the selection of worker-directors, in their removal or reappointment, and in machinery for any changes in the system. The entire majority report can be summed up in one sentence: 'Eveything for the union, nothing outside the union, nothing against the union.' Now where have we heard *that* before?

The second observation concerns what the majority report, with a significant genuflection to violent phraseology, calls 'the trigger-off system'. This sets the process of industrial democracy in motion, or fires a pistol through its heart, depending on your point of view. Such a ballot, the only occa-

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The Cabinet in Conflict

THE LOAN FROM THE IMF

On the day last September that Chancellor Denis Healey packed his bags for Manila, he learned during the drive to the airport that heavy selling of sterling had sent the pound tumbling to its lowest point ever.

Healey turned back . . . and instead of flying to the Phillipines made a surprise appearance at Blackpool to tell the Labour Party Conference that there was now no alternative to seeking a massive new loan – the biggest sum of money that any country had ever got from the International Monetary Fund.

That announcement marked the start of a protracted struggle inside the cabinet over the terms for the 3.9 billion dollar loan.

The arguments between ministers about the terms for the IMF loan have now been reconstructed for television by eight leading journalists, all of whom regularly meet ministers and civil servants. Having pooled their information these journalists are together able to give a uniquely authoritative account of what took place.

When this technique was used by *The State of the Nation* team last year to tell the inside story of cabinet dissensions over the Chrysler car deal, Chris Dunkley, television critic of the *Financial Times*, wrote that Granada Television had 'strengthened its already powerful claim to being the most effective mass medium in Britain for the explanation of constitutional current affairs'.

Taking part in *The Loan from the IMF:*

David Watt, political editor of the *Financial Times*,
puts arguments of James Callaghan, Prime Minister

Hugh Stephenson, editor of the *Times Business News*,
puts arguments of Denis Healey, Chancellor of the Exchequer

Peter Jenkins, political columnist of *The Guardian*,
puts arguments of Anthony Crosland, Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs

Adam Raphael, political correspondent of *The Observer*,
puts arguments of Harold Lever, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster

Ian Aitken, political editor of *The Guardian*,
puts arguments of Peter Shore, Secretary of State for the Environment

Richard Clements, editor of *Tribune*,
puts arguments of Tony Benn, Secretary of State for Energy

Michael Hatfield, of *The Times* political staff,
puts arguments of David Ennals, Secretary of State for Social Services

Peter Riddell, economics correspondent of the *Financial Times*,
puts arguments of Roy Hattersley, Secretary of State for Prices and Consumer Protection

The Cabinet in Conflict, ITV Network 10.30pm Tuesday 15 February 1977

GRANADA TELEVISION

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sion on which all work people are allowed to vote, is regarded by the authors of the report as an immense concession. They write: 'We noted in Chapter 5 the widespread belief that most employees do not want to be represented on the board and that trade unions are not democratic enough to speak on behalf of their members. The ballot we propose will allow both these propositions to be tested.' In fact this is exactly what it will not do, since the ordinary workers are not to be asked whether they want industrial democracy but whether they want 'employee representation through trade union machinery'. Hence, even assuming that all workers are in practice allowed to vote, the question, being loaded, deliberately frustrates the process of democratic choice.

Now, this is something that both Marx and Hegel would have applauded. Indeed, being themselves both, to some degree, disciples of the metaphysical belief in the General Will, they would have liked the idea of a once-and-for-all and final vote to launch the totalitarian system. All mountebank dictators, from Napoleon III to Mussolini and Hitler, liked to be able to claim, with some plausibility, that they had been put in power by a 'free vote', and that the people have, as it were, walked willingly into the dungeon before the portcullis slammed down for the last time. It is a scenario all communist regimes try to arrange if possible. But it is notable that Bullock, while granting a general-will vote to set up the system, makes no such concession to democracy when it comes to dismantling it; that, of course, can only be arranged through the 'single channel of trade unionism', a phrase which crops up in the report with sinister reiteration.

What separates the 'single channel' in the factory from the 'single party' in Parliament? Not much, I suspect. For, by its very nature, the corporate state cannot remain static; it must advance to new captures, or risk retreat; it cannot rest content until its absorbs everything. If trade union membership is essential to participate in 'industrial democracy', how long will it be before it becomes mandatory to 'political democracy', that is, the right to vote? You ask: can it really happen here? Or: is it not absurd to present an average British union general secretary as a Hegelian or corporatist? But a union boss can be an ideologue without knowing it, rather as M. Jourdain spoke prose. As Keynes pointed out, the world is ruled by little else but the ideas of economists and philosophers, whether right or wrong: 'Practical men, who believe themselves to be quite exempt from any intellectual influences, are usually the slaves of some defunct economist. Madmen in authority, who hear voices in the air, are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back.'

And, whatever may be thought or intended by those trade union bosses whose commitment to freedom is still comparatively genuine, the introduction of corporatist ideas under the guise of 'industrial democracy' – let alone their logical extension into the parliamentary field – will be eagerly seized upon and exploited by the totalitarian elements whose devotion to violent class war we have already noted; indeed, their chief, and growing, strength lies not so much in the constituency parties but precisely in the shop steward movement. As this process gathers momentum, where will the Shirley Williamses or even, for that matter, the Jim Callaghans, find themselves? Between class-war extremists on the one hand, and union corporatists on the other, they will discover that they are a very thin slice of democratic meat in a very thick totalitarian sandwich.

Anne Bennett

Heart's Desire

Andy said he ran away from home because his mother looked at him in the bath. 'I should think so,' she said, 'he never washed.' Luckily, our consultant in family therapy said she'd explore the dynamics of the situation so I handed it over to her and went out to a battered wife who'd made it up by the time I got there.

Thus there was nothing for it but Mrs Burge, whom numerous people kept referring. She was a garrulous, fat old lady who suffered from rheumatism but had Micawber-like tendencies which made me like her. 'Forty years I've been in this house,' she said. 'Now I can't wait to get into that home. I've visited there, you know. I was shown round and I said to the matron, "Matron," I said, "I just hope that when my time comes I can stay here". And she said to me "Mrs Burge, we shall be very happy to have you". Well I'm telling you, my dear, my time *has* come – just can't manage the stairs – and I want you to arrange for me to go into that home.' And she beamed at me benevolently from her armchair.

The trouble about trying to get into a home is that if you can barely lift a finger to help yourself they say you need nursing care and it's up to the doctor to get you into the geriatric ward; whereas, if senility is confusing your mind, they tell you you need a mental home; and if you can just get about and your mind is clear they insist you're too fit to be considered.

'Mrs Burge,' I said, 'I shall do the best I can to see you get into the home you want but to begin with we've got to fill in these forms.' So we started and established that she was a widow with a married daughter.

'When I go in my Peggy will be able to sell the house and have the money,' said Mrs Burge. 'She's been a good daughter to me, has Peggy and . . .'

'Do you own the house?' I asked her.

'No, Bert, my husband, he gave it to Peggy before he died,' she said.

'You mean he left it to her in his will?'

'No,' she said. 'He didn't leave a will.'

'Ah well,' I said knowledgeably, 'if he died without leaving a will then the property goes to you. When you go in you'll have to sell the house. It's sure to make a few thousand and since you'll be assessed on your means, you will have to pay the full cost until your capital is down to £500.'

'Well *that*'s not fair,' she said. 'I *shan't* have that. I can remember it clearly. There were the three of us sitting round this table and Bert said "Peggy," he said, "I want you to have this house so there won't be any trouble when I die".'

Oh Lord, I thought, so I looked at the tiny little space on the form which said 'Do you own your house?'. I often doubted if anyone ever looked at the forms and I thought by the time they do Mrs Burge may be dead and the house will be Peggy's anyway, so I wrote in the space 'Matter subject to legal dispute' and hoped for the best. I recently filled in a personnel form which said 'List every job, paid and voluntary, that you have held' and I wrote 'These details are lost in the mists of time'. I never heard any more about it.

So I started lobbying endlessly for Mrs Burge, as did her GP who kept sending letters saying this lady is in urgent need of residential care. Finally they said that she could have a place. I tore round there to tell her. 'Two weeks time. Mrs Burge,' I said, 'You'll be in.' She beamed, a great smile spreading across her creased old face. 'At last,' she said, 'at last I'll be out of this little place and there'll be all that space all light and airy.'

'I'll pick you up at three,' I said. 'They have tea at half past.' At 2 p.m. I rang the home to confirm we were coming.

'Burge?' someone said vaguely, 'She's not on the list'.

'But it's definite,' I said. 'I . . .'

'Did you send back the form "Confirming acceptance of offer of place"?'

'Yes definitely,' I said firmly. But I hadn't . . . There it lay amongst all my other muddle.

'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but the place has been reallocated. You'll have to wait till the next reallocation meeting.'

I let myself in. The house had that hollow air about it with most of the furniture gone and the lino up. But she was there – with her daughter Peggy, who said impatiently. 'We've been ready since one o'clock in case you were early.' I gabbled it out quickly. 'Mrs Burge,' I said, 'I'm very sorry, it's all my fault, no one else's, but you can't go today, I forgot to send the form off. I . . .'

In front of my eyes she crumbled. Mrs Burge – indomitable, irrepressible Mrs Burge – began to cry.

'Peggy,' I said, 'I suppose you couldn't?'

'No, I can't stay with *her*' sobbed Mrs Burge, her defences all gone. 'She's got her boy – he's got the spare bedroom.' And she sat there crying away, with her shiny black handbag and her imitation leather gloves on the table with her umbrella. She was all ready to go – and she wasn't going anywhere.

'Don't Mrs Burge,' I said. 'Don't, don't cry, please. You'll go today, somewhere. Just give me an hour.' God, if I have to pay for her myself at The George she'll have to go, I thought, as I rushed back to the office. There I shrieked for help and the residential people showed they had a heart; they found her a temporary place for two weeks till she could move into the home.

And, like the Queen Mother going on a ceremonial drive, Mrs Burge emerged from her house and drove away. She didn't look back once.

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London Diary

☐ 'Do you like these cups I've bought?' inquired my wife. I replied: 'What is this, a referendum?' Seriously, the referendum in which voters will be asked to endorse or reject the Scotland and Wales Bill as already passed by Parliament appears to me a fairly contemptible device. If they reject it, they are left with nothing. If they endorse it, they are stuck with a system which they may well consider highly unsatisfactory. Logic as well as evidence suggests that the Scots, in particular, want an Assembly with powers of taxation and the capacity to reshape their economy. If any of the 50 American states can have its own sales tax, why can't Scotland? Still, the best recipe for total confusion is the idea of a referendum with three options – independence, devolution and the status quo. What happens if each choice gets around a third of the votes, so that there's no majority for any of them? You would think that even an MP could see that.

☐ There was, and probably still is, a 'Free Scotland' slogan chalked on a bridge between Ashford and Folkestone. I could name several expatriate communities such as the Scots miners in Kent, the Scots steelworkers in Corby, and the Welsh tomato-growers (originally miners) who were settled on a co-operative in Sussex in the 1930s. It will be very tough on all of them not having a vote. An opposite, though equally intractable, problem arises from the fact that you can be on the electoral register in any place or places where you maintain a residence, though you may vote in only one place on election day. What is to stop all those English people with second homes in Wales from voting in the referendum? We might find that Penrhyndeudraeth doesn't want devolution.

☐ I'm not surprised that Mrs Nandini Satpathy has joined Congress for Democracy, the new group formed to oppose official candidates in the Indian elections. Mrs Satpathy, as a loyal member of the National Congress, was doing her job as Chief Minister of Orissa when she incurred Mrs Gandhi's displeasure and was requested to resign. She refused; the next move was a manipulated split among her followers, with members of her cabinet as well as Congress members of the Orissa Assembly getting up petitions for the resignation of their own Chief Minister. In spite of this and an orchestrated press campaign, Mrs Satpathy sat tight. Gangs from the Youth Congress then surrounded her residence, cut off her phone, and prevented her from governing, and the police proved to be no longer at her service. Eventually she had to resign and Orissa came under direct rule from Delhi. But what had Mrs Satpathy done wrong in the first place? When Sanjay Gandhi came to the state on a Youth Congress recruiting tour, she neglected to give him an official welcome at the airport.

☐ The aspect of the Indian scene that might have been invented by a writer of political fantasy, or even science fiction, is the campaign for male sterilisation, or vasectomy. Population growth is a grave problem for India and vasectomy is an excellent method of checking it, but the pressure has been so excessive that in some places it's not too much to speak of an atmosphere of fear (especially as the distinction between 'sterile' and 'impotent' isn't clear to illiterate villagers, or to some people in Britain for that matter). Criminals are often sterilised as a routine part of the prison regime, and in India the police find it easy to decide who will be next week's criminals. An account from Calcutta tells of a remarkable incident. Two pick-pockets had been arrested and were being driven off in a police van when it got stuck in the traffic. They hammered on the doors and yelled: 'Vasectomy! Vasectomy!' The crowd attacked the van, liberated the prisoners, and beat up the police.

☐ Now that *Holding On* has reached the screen, friends are asking me what it's like having your novel made into a TV serial. First of all, as I can say without immodesty since I didn't write the adaptation, I think it's damn good – and if I say that, as the man who did write the bits that got left out, it must be. Secondly, though I enjoyed watching it being made, my conclusion was that TV is a crazy business. There is never enough rehearsal time, and once you get into the studio with all those technicians paid by the hour, you must finish the job. On the final day of recording everybody worked for 12 hours. Sweat poured through the make-up, lines were fluffed out of sheer weariness, actresses burst into tears. You would have thought that it was going out the same night; in fact, the finished product stayed in the can for two years. Location filming is under similar pressure and involves a good deal of luck, especially with the weather. When a funeral was filmed, it poured with rain – very suitable, as funerals in movies always happen in the rain, just as babies are invariably born at night. But if it had been a sunny day it would have been filmed just the same.

☐ It looks as though I might learn a lot, but also be subjected to considerable mystification, in my new role as a governor of a comprehensive school. At the first meeting I attended, the head of the maths department gave a talk. I was aware that maths has (maths have?) changed a great deal since I scraped a pass in the old School Certificate, but found myself baffled by the terminology. There is modular arithmetic, and there is also transformation geometry. 'We've made good progress with transformation geometry,' said the teacher. 'We encourage the pupils to bring their own mirrors.' He didn't say anything else on the subject, and everybody round the table understood, or pretended to understand, so I kept quiet. Still, I'd love to know what they do with those mirrors.

☐ One thing you can never be sure about is whether you've told a new joke. Political jokes often tend to be older than you imagine. An example is the one about the Russian rabbit who was observed running desperately toward the frontier. Queried by a bird, he pants out: 'There's an order for the extermination of crocodiles.' When the bird says: 'But you're not a crocodile', the rabbit replies: 'Just try proving that.' I had supposed that this joke went back no further than the 1930s, and was startled by reading in Negley Farson's *The Way of a Transgressor* that Farson heard an officer in the Tsarist Army telling it in 1916. Not that political jokes are the only ones that fail to strike a new note. According to my father, there was once a professor who spent years tramping round remote villages, having first learned Serbo-Croat, Bulgarian and Macedonian, and produced a book called *Sexual and Scatalogical Humour of the Balkans*. My father used to claim that there wasn't a joke in the book which he hadn't heard at school in Llandovery. There is also, by the way, a book called *Gay Bulgaria*, but that wasn't meant to be funny.

☐ The Regent's Park mosque is almost complete, and there's much discussion about possible reactions to the call of the muezzin at dog-walking time in the mornings. My own dog is an Anglican, distinctly High Church indeed, and I'm not at all sure how he'll take to it. I have pointed out to him that church bells are audible in the Zoo and no concern has been shown about the susceptibilities of camels. A collie (Welsh Baptist) says that the muezzin probably won't be amplified, as there are few Moslems living near Regent's Park, other than the Afghan hounds. A Lutheran Great Dane suggests that the call will be relayed by land line to the Playboy Club.

☐ Last week I made a reference to rape and 'the emotions it arouses'. This appeared as 'the motions it arouses'. We really do have the best printers in the business; they always improve what you write.

Mervyn Jones

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ A man who made love to a 13-year-old girl shouldn't have been jailed, an Appeal Court judge decided yesterday. 'Young people's sexual desires do become aroused at parties,' he said. 'It happens almost every Saturday night.' – *Daily Express* (M. S. Boom)

☐ All parents who hope that their children will grow up in a free society should teach them to begin their bedtime prayers with the words: 'God bless Lord Denning.' – Letter in *Daily Telegraph* (Gerald Kaufman)

☐ Few people will criticise you for wearing a safari jacket instead of a dark suit to the office, nor will you be considered odd if you turn up for dinner in a short skirt instead of a long one, even if you happen to be the odd man out. – *Country Life* (Elsie Smith)

☐ Winifred Craigwell, 37, was filled with remorse at Tottenham Court on Tuesday when she admitted throwing a milk bottle that dented a car roof. 'I'm really sorry it happened,' she said. 'It was intended to hit my husband.' – *Hornsey Journal* (O. Hall)

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University Forum

Francis Beckett*

Looking Back on the NUS

The most ludicrous misconception about the National Union of Students is that it is dominated by dangerous left-wing militants. NUS did turn to the Left in 1971, and may well turn to it again. For when on 18 November last year NUS president Charles Clarke announced the death of the union's travel and printing companies, he was unconsciously forcing his 800,000 strong union to find a new direction.

That direction may be the one it lost after 1971. When first elected president in 1975, Charles Clarke told the press he was a Marxist: in those days it would have been political suicide to say anything else. Re-elected the next year, he said this may have been a little hasty: 'You could say I'm a Marxist with a small m.' To the press Mr Clarke remains a marxist with a small m. I treasure the memory of the reporter from a well-known tabloid newspaper who, consulting his cuttings, said to me: 'Now, I can say Mr Clarke is a marxist-with-a-small-m. I don't think I've heard of them?' Yet, to the newspapers he is still alarming. The NUS, they think, is dominated by hairy marxists, with staring eyes and small m's – 'mindless thugs,' according to the *Telegraph*.

The reality is different. 'Mindless thugs', even by *Telegraph* standards, was a very stupid thing to say about the sophisticated politician who now leads the union. Mr Clarke is a clever, quick-witted, civilised, and rather pompous Cambridge graduate with mildly left-of-centre political views. He belongs, however, to the Broad Left, the political heirs of the radicals who, between 1968 and 1971, wrested control from the Right. They pledged to turn the union into 'more than a glorified travel service'. But the last six years will be remembered in the history of the NUS as the years in which two small departments inside the union's tatty headquarters, providing cheap travel and insurance for students and employing a handful of staff, turned with startling rapidity into a multi-million pound commercial empire in Cheltenham Spa; acquired five limited companies and nearly 400 staff; grew like demented ivy until 1975 when Travel alone turned over £6½m., and crashed with debts of over £1m.

The biggest investment today's student leaders made in their commercial operations was their credibility and that of the union. It looks as though they now realise this; for only thus is there any sense in the fact that they have rushed, I believe suicidally, into the creation of a new commercial empire on the ruins of the old, and are frantically preparing new schemes in time to show something to the annual conference at the end of March.

Briefly, the new scheme is built around the organisation set up last year to manage the student discount card. It involves setting up a sales force which will go out to students – and market, as well as the discount card, other companies' cheap travel. It will also investigate 'contract marketing' – or selling goods to students for a percentage. The estimated cost of the three-month pilot project is £23,000. The scheme is desperately close to the hearts of NUS's leaders. To get it they disregarded the unanimous opposition of their seven department heads and a demand from their 70-odd staff to use such money to improve salaries.

This is likely to mean that, from the start, the new scheme's relationship with NUS headquarters will show all the strains and stresses which characterised that of the old commercial empire. The strong loyalty of the union's staff is likely to be further stretched. These stresses stemmed directly from the investment of energy and political credibility the executive made in the companies. Senior elected officials permitted attacks on their politics, policies, characters; or doubt being thrown on their integrity or time dwelt on their physical shortcomings; but none could even whisper a criticism of the commercial empire. If you did, they would fly into a rage, you would be branded 'anti-services', and your views would be taken in future correspondingly less seriously. For me all this was highlighted when I edited the union's newspaper. In the third issue I committed the ultimate sin. Endsleigh, the union's insurance brokers, launched a new sort of car insurance, and I only gave it a couple of column inches. I was never forgiven.

It would be easy to conclude from all this that the NUS has to rely on its commercial enterprises to hold the allegiance of its members, that it has nothing else to offer. It would be an easy conclusion. It would also be quite wrong. Two examples will illustrate the point.

Three years ago very few students claimed supplementary benefit during vacations, because they did not know they could. NUS launched a massive campaign to get them to claim, and the number went up in a few months from a few hundred to a few hundred thousand. The Government became seriously worried, and the NUS subsequently has been protecting the entitlement it uncovered; only last month it persuaded MPs to defeat a further proposal to end it.

Then there is the straight union-type staff work. The union's research has been praised extensively by people concerned with education, and has often prevented a particularly vicious proposal from seeing the light of day. And hundreds of thousands of students over the years have been able to get grants or other things to which they were entitled because someone at NUS told them how to go about it.

**Francis Beckett has just left the NUS where he was press officer for four years.*

If all this is true, why has commercial success loomed so large in the minds of NUS's present leaders? The reason lies at the very root of the dilemma facing left-wing students. To be a radical socialist who achieves any sort of prominence means inevitably being pilloried by the press. But if you are a student as well, newspapers have something additional on which to pin their attacks. Thus Mr Clarke having confessed to being a Marxist found that every right-wing newspaper began its stories: 'Charles Clarke, Marxist president of the NUS . . .' – a simple device to curtail the force of whatever he had to say; and that, perhaps, is why he reverted to the device of 'marxist with a small m'. Manufactured stories about the IRA, about violence, about the misuse of student union funds were run on the flimsiest of evidence, or on no evidence at all.

Every trade union suffers from the fact that its own members often take their ideas about the union from the popular press. They all have communication problems. The NUS, with its huge membership and comparatively tiny finances, suffers worst of all. That is why a year ago it started its own newspaper; but even now there is no question of doing what many unions manage, getting a copy to every member. Add to that the fact that, almost by definition, most of its members have never been trade unionists and have very little idea of the nature and functions of a union, and you have a formidable problem. Briefly summed up, it is this: if the press tells students their elected leaders are dangerous, dictatorial and mad, and its union is useless, sponging and takes its orders from Moscow, there is a fair chance students will grow to believe it. So the moment NUS starts to act like a union, it will inevitably create hostility among its own members, on the contributions of whose local unions it relies for its very existence.

For a left-wing, or even a mildly left-wing leadership this creates a dilemma. They can do one of two things. One choice is to play down the politics and the unionism. You can campaign, but quietly. And you can tell your members: you may think we're a lot of stinking Lefties, but at least we run a good travel service. That, effectively, was the decision NUS's leaders have acted on for the last two or three years. They have been desperately, and rightly, concerned for the survival of their union. They have seen students turn to the Right and against them. They have seen well-publicised and well-financed attempts to destroy the union. And they have poured money and credibility into trying to prove that they can play capitalism at its own game.

There is, however, another choice. That choice involves recognising that there is no substitute for being a union. NUS cannot fight effectively on the whole diverse range of issues that come before it, but if it selected those two or three things which are of real importance to its members it could be surprisingly effective. But the death of the companies will force a new direction on the union. There is no way a new commercial empire can revive the old ways. Whether the Broad Left stays, but rethinks its ways; or loses to another political group; or splits – there will be a new direction.

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

Too Bad to Last

Lord Boothby, never one to stint the decibels when making a firm public pronouncement and for so long a warm, hilarious, informative and supremely non-boring feature of *Any Questions?*, has stated that in the Twenties he and his privileged friends and contemporaries, awash with pink champagne and busily engaged on all the pastimes that in that bizarre and restless period (should they be the Twitching Twenties?) were considered pleasurable – for some it meant parties in mews, tango teas, Charlestoning at Ciro's and punting with Phyllis to Boulter's Lock – used to greet each day with a cry of 'By God, this is far too good to last!' True in a sense, though for the socially secure and reasonably rich it lasted far longer than was either acceptable or expected, well into the Thirties in fact and surviving a general strike and a national government. And then with the jolt of the Abdication it was all over.

The leisured life that some enjoyed is amply stored away on fiction's pages, though it was far from fictional. If you remove the splendid jokes, the daily existence of Bertie Wooster and Jeeves would not have seemed at all unusual. Hugh Drummond, facing another idle day, would emerge from Half Moon Street and stroll (he never walked) in the sunshine up Piccadilly (getting a wave, one hopes, from Hugh Walpole in that first-floor flat on the corner: bulldogs were just his type). He was, of course, on his way to the Junior Sports' Club and beer and lunch with Archie Longworth and some rather less splendid jokes. Further down Piccadilly were to be found Lord Peter Wimsey and his servant, Bunter, cracking *their* jokes.

Indeed, apart from Wodehouse, the humour of the time was generally of a particularly trying kind, full of banter and badinage and nowhere more typical than in the occasional domestic pieces that A. A. Milne supplied to humorous journals and which were greatly relished in the Twenties. A reassuring and affluent note was struck from the first ('We gathered round the billiard-room fire') and the girls were from the same stable as Sapper's 'topping fillies' and tended to be called Myra or Dahlia or Celia. The pieces usually began with some such phrase as 'It was all Celia's fault' and went on to describe some amusing mishap in the home, perhaps an inexperienced parlourmaid getting into a muddle with unfamiliar finger-bowls and solemnly putting out towels and soap as well. Killing.

It is quaint that names should have been considered such a fine subject for laughter. Mr Milne tells of a parrot called Evangeline, suggests names for a new-born baby (Montmorency Plantagenet), calls his clocks after the kind of people who gave them to him (Enid, Percy and Alphonse), requests his housekeeper to look after a newly-acquired Japanese dwarf-tree ('Let me introduce you to Sidney') and is in no doubt at all about what to call imaginary gentlemen involved in financial dealings in the City (Sir Isaac Isaacstein and Sir Moses Mosesstein). Names are a fearful trap. Even when the dazzling *No No Nanette* burst on us in the mid-Twenties (as big a musical play breakthrough in its time as *Oklahoma*), one saw with gloom that in the cast list, 'Lucille's friends' who join her, as you'll recall, at The Cottage, Sunnycliff in Act II, had all been given supposedly rich married status (Mrs Smythe-Smith, Mrs Goring-Jones and so on). There has never been anything remotely funny about made-up double-barrelled names (the real ones are another matter). The relative lack of real humour in the Twenties is both puzzling and regrettable. Nobody even gave a half-smile when bold Iris Storm in *The Green Hat* said 'I am a house of men' or when D. H. Lawrence, not the loudest giggler in the class, wrote in all seriousness after milking a cow: 'The queer cowy mystery of her is her changeless cowy desirableness.' How profound, everybody thought.

It is usually better for historians to stand back and remain remote from the events they chronicle but the most effective writers on the Twenties are those who lived through them and experienced for themselves the strange and rather feverish feel in the air. The best record I know, of the lighter kind, is Beverley Nichols's *The Sweet and Twenties*, written, with both affection and amazement, about 30 years after that weird decade. Here's a feast of recall! Famous women had not yet learnt to beware of journalists and gladly sounded off on a number of subjects, with even Queen Marie of Romania chatting away about life ('I, for one, like a man to be a man') together with Elinor Glyn ('Tell your readers that sex has never touched the hem of my garment'). 'Tumbril talk' was everywhere, Mrs Ronald Greville, the busiest of hostesses, wailing 'One uses up *so* many red carpets in a season' and announcing that she always carried 'a little loose change' in her bag (it turned out to be a sum of about £600).

Mild eccentrics flourished: Lord Berners had a small piano built into his Rolls-Royce and Max Beerbohm asserted that the only really satisfactory place in London for a writer to work in was the Charing Cross Hotel. When Lord Alington accused Michael Arlen of wearing a made-up bow tie, they scuffled excitingly on the steps of White's Club. Meanwhile *The Times* was attacking Epstein ('We feel a bewilderment . . .'), the wireless arrived, and there was a fine old fussification over poor Radclyffe Hall (the writer and not an Oxford College) and her very mildly homosexual book, *The Well of Loneliness*, about which James Douglas, the Mrs Whitehouse of the Twenties, nearly had a seizure. Shingled or Eton-cropped women smoked Russian cigarettes in long holders. Red leather HMV portables ground out 'novelty piano solos' such as 'Kitten on the Keys', everybody hooted at Mrs Baldwin's ghastly hats, and cook-generals were lucky if they got £1 a week.

It is understandable that Sandy Wilson, born in 1924 but responsible with *The Boy Friend* for one of the brightest and most characteristic period musical comedies, should have been tempted, in *The Roaring Twenties* (Eyre Methuen: £2.50), to have a go at resuscitating some of the peculiarities and, lacking personal adult experience, he has wisely kept the text to a minimum and concentrated on pictorial illustration. Again, what a feast. Jaunty Anita Loos in a cloche hat, Hollywood 'orgy' scenes from Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* (no orgies were considered complete without a bowl of rather squashy dark blue grapes), Marie Stopes victimised for her progressive views, flappers enjoying the 'flapper vote' of 1929 with all the bystanders in stitches, Josephine Baker wearing a girdle of diamanté bananas, the Astaires, Noël and Gertie . . . Lovely for some.

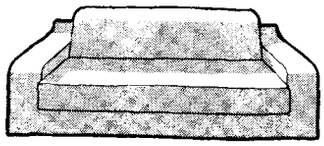
Roger Woddis

A Man Called Joe

He came from nothing – well, not quite:
At school he'd learnt to read and write.
Words were his business and his trade,
Whereby he meant to get it made;
If not, at least to keep afloat
Until a passing gravy-boat,
Dressed under-all and called *The Sun*,
Hauled him aboard. He had begun.

He liked to listen, loved to lobby,
But this was more or less a hobby;
In time he landed on his feet
Among the press at Downing Street,
Where more by chance than honest choice,
He soon became his master's voice,
But proved, while publicising Sir,
No match for Lady Lavender.

She was the power behind the throne,
A tyrant on the telephone,
King Harold's mentor, friend and guide
Who hardly ever left his side.
Joe wrote a book and sold the rights
To keep us hooked on Friday nights,
A tale of drama and desire:
'Another Brickbat of Barbed Wire'.



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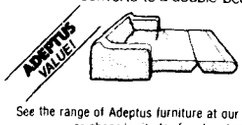

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Letters to the Editor

Jones on Bullock

Sir, Where to begin demolition work on the creaky structure of Jack Jones's piece on Bullock (NS 4 February)? Its own internal contradictions are as good a place as any. Jones denies Robert Carr's point that Bullock will disenfranchise millions of workers by putting responsibility for appointing worker representatives to company boards in the hands of the unions, to which almost half the working population do not belong. But then he also says that the Bullock proposals will only apply in companies with 2,000 or more employees. What he does not say is that such companies employ just about a quarter of British workers. If industrial democracy is to be compared with the political franchise – as Jones does – then some workers are clearly going to be more equal than others. No nonsense about one man one vote here.

But one would care about this detail only if one accepted the comparison between politics and industry which, so I am told, Lord Bullock personally wrote into the report that bears his name. Surely, though, this is an historian's misjudgment on the grand scale. Politics and industry really are quite different. Political democracy is about redistributing power away from autocrats and oligarchies. It is right that every adult should be able to vote because the subject matter of the political process is limitless, from war to welfare, from crime to taxation.

Industry has a far more restricted purpose – nothing more than the production of goods and nothing more than services for sale. This purpose can only be served if it is organised and controlled. It needs authority if it is to work. The right comparison for industry is not with politics but with the management of other activities like, for instance, health, education or the army. The disciplines of these three have changed out of recognition in the hundred years since the political franchise began to spread through the population. Pupils and soldiers are no longer kept in line by relentless flogging, as once they were. Nevertheless, if the authority of the doctor over the patient, the teacher over the taught or the general over the private is not preserved, there will be no medicine, no education and no army worth putting in the field.

There is a proper parallel with politics but it has never been explored in this country. It is economic – not industrial – democracy. As political democracy dispersed political power, so economic democracy would redistribute the ownership of capital, which socialists have quite rightly seen as a source of power second only to political authority itself. Looked at in this way, the building societies, pension funds, life insurance and unit trusts have done far more for democracy than ever would Bullock. I have never been able to understand why the Labour Party could not use Clause IV of its constitution to promote this kind of thing, rather than the dreary dogmas of nationalisation. But I perfectly understand why Jack Jones should favour the Bullock strategy for industrial democracy. If Bullock becomes law it will entrench the unions in the boardrooms and so neatly round out Jones's lifelong struggle to win more power for his wing of the movement.

I am certainly not against worker directors as such. If they are required to secure the authority necessary to management, then fine. But I am against the power to appoint the new directors being given exclusively to the unions. Why? Because their own procedures are simply not good enough to create the necessary confidence among either workers or management. If you want an example you have only to consider the way in which Jones's own successor as leader of the Transport Workers' Union is even now being elected, and Hugh Scanlon's soon will be. Compared with these, the installation of your average tribal chief is positively civilised, the election of a Pope a model of democracy and the appointment of an Anglican bishop thoroughly modern and up-to-date.

Jones wishes to prescribe the methods by which the members of company boards should be appointed. He is, however, less than enthusiastic that anybody should examine the election of his own successor. Journalists, for instance, have been warned off the course. I find this depressing, but I am not surprised.

ERIC JACOBS
Labour Editor

The Sunday Times
London WC1

Sir, About this load of Bullock's . . .

Can we take it that Jack Jones or some other apologist for this travesty of a Labour Government will now seek to amend the constitution of the Labour Party? Can I suggest the form of words necessary, if honesty and pragmatism *can* go hand in hand?

Reference Clause IV, No 1.
Delete the words; 'common ownership of' and substitute;
'a say in what should be done with'. Delete the word ;
'popular' and substitute; 'shared'.

If such an amendment were approved by conference some of us at least could get out of this frustrating charade, tear up the party card on which the clause is printed and get on with the job of creating a Republican Party.

JACK BROWN
Chairman 9/17 Branch TGWU

51 Lamb Lane
Monk Bretton
Barnsley

Analysing Mr McIntyre

Sir, It is doubtful if it were put to the vote whether Anthony Howard (NS 4 February) would receive much support for his denigrations of the new controller of Radio 4. The general feeling on the contrary must be approval for the microscopic and belated improvements he proposes to make accompanied by a devoted wish to apply the boot to propel him to proceed with much more speed and urgency in the same direction. Why, for heaven's sake, when the ether is saturated from dawn to dusk with news bulletins and current affairs 'magazines' and commentaries, is it such a sin to clip a minute or two off the end of each? Even so we shall continue to be driven mad by endless repetitions of the ordeal of some foolish mother who left her baby in a pram outside a supermarket and had it stolen or of exactly what life was like for a family during their capture and detention by Mhobutu guerrillas.

What this channel desperately needs is simply a minute grain of common sense and a definite break with cosy BBC rituals and routines. Above all it requires to face up to the fact that in 1977 the universal household god is the TV set whence it follows that the really important radio programmes (such as *Kaleidoscope* which, one hopes, will survive the recent kiss of De'ath in the *Radio Times*) should not coincide with TV's major evening presentations like *Play for Today*. But any such radical rethinking stands little chance when sound radio cannot even rationalise its own schedules and when we have the regular clash between the above-mentioned Radio 4 arts programme and *Scientifically Speaking* on Radio 3 and the Saturday *Stop the Week* discussion coinciding with *Critics' Forum*. And as for the repeats on Radio 4 the monumental eccentricity displayed is best seen in the double repeat of *Pick of the Week* which is a double rehash of what is already a rehash.

G. REICHARDT

13 Hanover Court
Wyebank View
Tutshill, Chepstow

Political Air Time

Sir, Mervyn Jones (London Diary, 4 February) will be glad to know that he got it wrong. Screen time for the political parties during general election campaigns is not related to the number of candidates. The allocation of party election broadcasts is based on the percentage share of votes obtained by each party at the previous general election. The same formula is used for deciding the number of broadcasts for the national parties within Scotland and Wales.

In addition, any party which nominates 50 or more candidates is given one party election broadcast on television. Thus if the National Front nominated 318 candidates they will still not get more than one television broadcast.

PETER HARDIMAN SCOTT
Chief Assistant to Director-General

The BBC
Broadcasting House
London W1

Police Five

Sir, Commenting on our recent article, 'Police Five' (NS 7 January), Peter Watson misrepresents our views about the nature of police corruption by attributing to us the now discredited explanation of corrupt policemen as merely a few 'bad apples' (Letters 21 January). He then goes further and himself embraces the now conventional liberal wisdom that this sort of malpractice usually thrives only in areas of discredited law, be it concerned with drugs, pornography or whatever. On both counts he is wrong.

Our article reflected on one specific case involving five former members of the Metropolitan Police Obscene Publications Squad (its humble title pretended to nothing more). Although it concentrated on the activities of George Fenwick, the most senior officer on trial, we were careful to point out that Fenwick inherited an established tradition of corrupt dealings with pornographers. He was in many ways a victim of that tradition. He may well not have been 'evil from the word go', as Mr Watson seems to think. Even Fenwick was not simply a 'bad apple'. But we did not refer to him or his colleagues as such because we certainly do not perceive the problem of police corruption in terms of 'bad apples'.

Equally we reject Watson's view that most of the wrongdoers expelled by Scotland Yard in recent years have been victims of forms of Prohibition. It is true that opportunities for corruption are marginally greater for policemen working in areas where the law's authority is in doubt, where a significant proportion of the public no longer accepts those moral standards which the law embraces. But this is not the whole story, or indeed its most important part.

The fact is that corrupt policemen are always with us. The police are human too, and face constant temptation in their work: either because offers are made to them by criminals or because they are themselves in a

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position to make demands. But only a ruthless definition of high standards, and a rigorous enforcement of them, can keep an inevitable element of corruption down to manageable proportions.

Yet in the 1950s and 1960s – the years referred to in the recent OPS trial by Mr John Mathew – such standards appear to have existed only in the police manuals. They were not wholeheartedly enforced. A generation of detectives rose to seniority at Scotland Yard holding the apparent belief that what we now call corruption was normal – indeed acceptable – practice. They were arrogant, aloof and immune from exposure. And their influence has still not worked itself out of the system, despite the onslaughts of the present Commissioner. This was the 'firm in a firm': officers who were not helpless victims of temptation or casual opportunity but active practitioners of crime.

We hope that in due course Mr Watson will read our book, *The Fall of Scotland Yard*. He will be better qualified to comment on our overall conclusions when he does. The NEW STATESMAN kindly allowed us a mere 1,500 words, not 100,000.

JOHN SHIRLEY
MARTIN SHORT

c/o Penguin Books
London SW1

Mentmore as Mortmain

Sir, Leo Plendello, in his article about Mentmore (NS 4 February) quotes Lady Rosebery's remark about 'horrid little houses at Milton Keynes'. In fact, I think 'awful' was the gracious word she used.

I cannot claim to have the experience of awful houses that Lady Rosebery has with Mentmore. But I would like to remind her – if indeed she has ever thought about it – that we have to build 30 houses for real people to live in for the price of one piece of her French furniture.

JOCK CAMPBELL
Chairman
Milton Keynes Development Corporation

Sir, The NEW STATESMAN and the *Daily Express* both contained articles about Mentmore House in their editions dated 4 February. Both articles attributed to me a remark in which I was alleged to describe the contents of Mentmore House as 'French furniture collected by a Jew'. I am frankly amazed that your paper should stoop to print it.

I have never, on any occasion, referred to the former owner of Mentmore House in these terms. So the remark is not just apocryphal, it is untrue. If Mr Plendello wishes to be taken seriously as a guardian of the national heritage, he would do better to argue the case, not to resort to a calculated and offensive smear.

PETER SHORE
Secretary of State
Department of the Environment
2 Marsham Street
London SW1

Oxford's 19th-century Ghost

Sir, Your contributor Mr Tim Bick (NS 28 January) is still assiduously propagating the myth that the Oxford Union Society is dominated by men from public schools. As an ex-librarian (roughly equivalent to vice-president) who was educated at a comprehensive school, perhaps I can put him right.

At present the Union's standing committee has ten members: only two of them are from British public schools. This is no mere flash in the pan. Since I came up in 1970 21 people have been elected president. Only five of them, according to my calculations, were from British public schools. Both these figures are substantially below the university average. It is not even true at the moment that the union is more right-wing than the general body of Oxford students: the proportion of Conservatives on the standing committee is actually smaller than on the Students' Union executive.

DAVID THOMAS
St John's College
Oxford

Sir, I was interested, but not shocked, to read in Tim Bick's article that the Oxford Union 'has in recent years had to raise its subscription dramatically, this year to £31 for life membership'. What other club has in real terms *reduced* its subscription in the 50 years? When I became a life member in 1922 the subscription was £10 – the equivalent today of at least £60. The price of beer has, alas!, increased 'dramatically' in real terms.

GRAHAM GREENE
Paris

Friend's Tribute

Sir, For some seven years I have made myself a thorough nuisance to the UK Atomic Energy Authority, asking for information, materials and guidance through the complexities of nuclear technology, history and policy. In the course of those seven years I have disagreed repeatedly and in public with AEA views. But their Information Services Branch has unfailingly responded to my inquiries – even the potentially embarrassing ones – quickly, capably and honestly, with a ready cheerfulness which could serve as an example to many other organisations. I share many of the concerns stressed by Chris Davies (Letters 28 January); but his reference to 'truth distortion' does Jim Daglish of the AEA (Letters 21 January) an injustice. Mr Daglish simply described, in commendably measured language, the AEA's position on a major issue of nuclear policy – one on which, as it happens, I disagree yet again. Nevertheless, if we are to hurl quotations from the Royal Commission report over the ramparts at each other, could I echo Sir Brian Flowers and adduce paragraph 499?

> The environmentalist tends to see those in the industry as being so committed to furtherance of their technology as to be wilfully blind to its dangers to the world. Those within the industry, many no doubt sustained by the thought that they are thereby making an essential contribution to the well-being of mankind, tend to see environmentalists as people opposed to all technology who are prepared to denigrate their work on the basis of drummed-up and nebulous fears of future catastrophes. During our study we have had many contacts with the various sides of the nuclear industry in this country and with its environmental critics. The arguments of both deserve to be heard with greater mutual understanding.

Amen to that.

WALTER C. PATTERSON
Friends of the Earth
9 Poland Street
London W1

What Hitler Didn't Say

Sir, A little while ago we carried an advertisement in the NEW STATESMAN mentioning that Hitler stated in a public speech in 1941 that 'basically National Socialism and Marxism are the same'. This has been challenged in correspondence by Mr J. W. Bruegel (Letters 14 & 28 January).

We checked our sources – the *Bulletin of International News*, Professor Eduard Heimann's *Social Research* and F. A. Hayek's *The Road to Serfdom* – and they backed up our quotation. However, we have gone back to the Foreign Office transcript of his speech, and there is no reference to this concluding statement. This is rather mysterious and two things are possible: one is that our sources got it wrong, and the second is that the phrase was cut out of the newspaper report to which Mr Bruegel refers.

In these matters, however, it is better to decide one is wrong than certain, and so we have duly recorded the fact in an advertisement in this issue. But the transcript of Hitler's speech will give small pleasure to those socialists who feel that some of the impulses governing their theories are totally divorced from those influencing fascism and National Socialism. Hitler states in his speech that 'I am a fanatical socialist'. He sees himself as bridging the apparent conflict between international Marxism and bourgeois nationalism. He also affirms that the aims and methods of the two big revolutions in Europe – meaning Communism and National Socialism – have 'complete identity'. As Mr Bruegel indicated in an earlier letter undoubtedly Hitler was looking out of the corner of his eye at his temporary friendship with Stalin, but the speech establishes emphatically his acceptance of socialism.

We are grateful to Mr Bruegel for so ably raising this matter. If he or any other of your readers can throw any light on the mystery of the disappearing phrase, we would be delighted to hear from them.

MICHAEL IVENS
Director
Aims for Freedom and Enterprise
5 Plough Place
London EC4

Day Lewis and Politics

Sir, What a pity Derek Mahon's review of C. Day Lewis's poems (NS 4 February) perpetuates the notion that poets – particularly those who were young in the Thirties – are responsible for the course of history. Cecil could not help it that Mosley did not triumph or that Hitler did not successfully invade us. His membership of the CPGB would have ensured a disagreeable time for himself (quite to Mr Mahon's satisfaction) had either of those events occurred: even as it was, such membership was not calculated to advance a cosy career.

ROY FULLER
37 Langton Way
London SE3

People's Joke

Sir, Another product of the Polish People's National Joke Factory, which recently cheered a dark evening for me in Warsaw, was the one about Capitalism, Communism and Social Democracy making a rendezvous. Capitalism and Communism turned up punctually, but Social Democracy arrived very late and full of apologies and explanations about having spent hours in a queue for some meat, whereupon Capitalism said 'What on earth is a queue?', while Communism asked 'And what on earth is meat?'

PAUL REILLY
3 Alexander Place
London SW7

Labour Weekly
THIS FRIDAY 10p.
DISCUSSION PAPER
What do we do with the Lords?
Gets to the heart of matters that matter

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Douglas Johnson

A Lump in our Throats

Utopia and Revolution by MELVIN J. LASKY
Macmillan £15.00

When Guizot published his history of Cromwell's English Revolution he was reproved by the High Tory, J. W. Croker, for having confused 'the Rebellion' and 'the Revolution'. 'I admit,' wrote Croker, 'that the first helped to produce the other as a dungheap helps to produce asparagus, as filth produces food, but they are not the same thing.' Guizot did not give way. At the time, he knew something about revolutions, having been ousted from power by the French revolution of 1848, and he realised that there was more in this disagreement than a mere difference about words. He was concerned with fundamentals.

Is Melvin Lasky concerned about fundamentals, in this long and learned study of revolutionary ideologies? Like Croker, he is conscious of the difference between rebellion and revolution, but unlike Guizot he gives considerable importance to words. He is impressed by the semantic ingenuity whereby a conservative restoration was presented as the Glorious Revolution of 1688, and he suggests that it was because of such misnomers that there developed the particularly English love of the high and safe middle ground in politics, which was a contrast to the stormier spirits who were to be found on the French side of the Channel. This is to say that the Whigs caught the ideologists bathing and ran away with their clothes. But it is also to imply that it is because of words, ideas, images, that revolutions occur or do not occur.

This is a considerable assumption, and much of this massive publication is based upon it. Certainly, Mr Lasky is not attempting a political study of revolutions. But it is curious that in a book which must contain more than 5,000 quotations (and which runs the risk of being used as an anthology) amongst many quotations from Lenin a famous one is absent:

> Only when the lower classes do not want the old way, and when the upper classes cannot carry on in the same way, only then can revolution triumph.

One is tempted to think that Lasky is playing a game, avoiding what is real and fundamental in order to point to the foolish, empty, feverish 'poeticalities' of those who aspire after utopias or who seek to foment and cherish revolutions. He sets up the targets that he intends to demolish, and the fact that he accomplishes the demolition with style and panache will give the reader much pleasure, but it will not change the nature of the operation.

Of course, it is exhilarating to find an author who leaps from Cromwell to Malcolm X, and from Halifax to George Orwell. Let us talk about Giordano Bruno, James Howell, Robespierre and Jean-Paul Sartre. Let us follow the image-ridden revolutionary, whether poet, plotter or proconsul, and let us compare the 16th-century incendiarist Masaniello to his 20th-century counterpart, Daniel Cohn-Bendit. But in these 700 pages, is it not astonishing that the millenarian movements should receive such scant attention? Such movements expect imminent and total salvation, they reject the present, evil world, and they have a vision of a new purified moral order which will be without hatred and conflict. Because they believe in complete and radical change, they are revolutionaries, and because they hope for some golden future they are utopianists. Because such movements often occur at moments of change or tension, to study them can help us understand something of the mentality and the mystique of the revolutionary ideal.

Lasky, however, prefers to insist on the secularisation of the ideal, and although he quotes Weitling's 'I see a new Messiah coming with the sword', he seems to prefer Marx's desire for more strictly scientific ideas, if only the better to underline their confusion and inadequacy. He does not want to know about some peasant woman, caught up in a Sicilian rising, and her burning confidence in a new world. He prefers to quote an embittered Tom Paine saying that you might as well talk of honour to a gang of thieves, as to contradict revolutionary Frenchmen in their notion of right and wrong.

But one must realise one thing above all about Mel Lasky. Perhaps as a result of the immense amount of work that has gone into this study, he has acquired something of a revolutionary mentality himself. Where else but in a Marxist or in a Maoist would one find such an indefatigable devotion to quotation, and such a conviction that by virtue of being an identified quote, a phrase has taken on a deeper significance? Where else but in the Institut Maurice Thorez would the unreadable be read and reported on? The high moral tone, the rhetoric, the denunciation, combined with the sly dig and deprecatory comment, are all part of revolutionary polemics. Perhaps the painter David's biographer was unwise to try and make excuses for his participation in the work of revolutionary committees, and to discuss whether or not he signed the death warrant for the guillotining of Lavoisier. But Lasky is determined not to miss the opportunity of exposing this example of utopian blindness and revolutionary excess. Doubtless he cannot look at David's portrait of the dead Marat without reflecting on the wickedness of both the painter and his subject, just as certain critics reject Delacroix as a painter because he deserted as a revolutionary.

At times he reminds one of the *sans-culotte* who denounced a revolutionary official who was using his position to gain the favours of a married woman. 'Such a man,' thundered the *sans-culotte*, 'was a counter-revolutionary, for vice was counter-revolutionary.' And he does not hesitate to introduce a note of personal dramatisation, as every good activist should, when he writes himself off as being of the generation whom Camus described as 'lost in loneliness, with weapons in our hands and a lump in our throats', or when he pictures his task, as he sets out on his journey of exploration, as one of 'promise and peril'. In fact, there are few surprises in this journey. The objective was signalled from the beginning: to describe the revolutionification of utopia and the Russification of revolution.

Basically it is a truism to say that the sort of gradual, practical, piecemeal reform which Mel Lasky seems to associate with British history is preferable to violent revolution. Nobody can read about the authoritarian ideals of an Etienne Cabet without a shudder, all the more devastating because it seems to resemble the popular picture of present-day China. Revolutions are easily depicted as lost causes, their idealists are the victims of double-think, their supporters become the walking-wounded of history, their idealism is made to congeal into ritual. But what about the violence, the oppression and the hypocrisy of the non-revolutionaries? What about the costs of doing without revolution? What about the masses who are condemned, in Engels's phrase, to rural imbecility?

It could be said that all forms of industrialisation have been revolutions which have been forced on societies from above and which have been the work of ruthless and single-minded minorities. All problems are regarded as soluble by technical and rational means. Within this framework it was generally believed that it was both possible and desirable for society to be rationally organised, and that should there be irrational elements within institutions or mentalities, then these should be controlled and changed. Whether one believed in steady progress, or in a decisive break with the past, there was a general agreement. To be revolutionary or non-revolutionary, utopian or non-utopian, was, for the advocates of the technical-rational approach, merely a question of degree or of timing. It is true that alternatives developed, and that various conceptual systems were constructed which opposed the technical-rational approach. But they were often pessimistic and lacking in humanitarianism. It is also true that there was dissatisfaction with an ideal which seemed to regard its only goal as providing material welfare for everyone, but these philosophies were vague.

This is not how Lasky sees it. He presents a powerful argument to suggest that there is a stage army of the bad who are at least the perpetrators of nonsense and at best the victims of error. Because of the breadth of his approach this long meditation is impressive and because of his sophistication this debate is memorable. No one can deny

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that the relationship between heroic human ideals and historic social difficulties is one which chastens the observer. Ideology recollected in tranquillity is often a saddening experience. Yet heroic ideals and hopes have persisted and still persist. Had Mel Lasky enlarged the scope of his inquiry still wider, he would have seen still more examples. What about Napoleon? Was he a revolutionary? Did he not say that he had measured out dreams with the calipers of reason? Perhaps a topic, and a quotation, for the sequel which, fortunately, we are promised.

Paul Streeten

Future Tense

Capitalism, Socialism and the Environment by HUGH STRETTON *Cambridge* £7.50 and £2.50

We are often told that the troubles of our times arise from a growing gap between the rapid progress of science and technology on the one hand and inert morality on the other. We are then exhorted to accelerate the adaptation of our morality to catch up with technology or to stop any further growth of technology. But it is doubtful whether man's nature or his morality can 'progress', and whether stopping the advance of technology would help. Hugh Stretton's book is conservative in the sense that it tries to

> set men as they are into institutions as they might develop, imagining some better behaviour here and there, but not the transformation of human nature of which some reformers dream.

Much more important than the technology-morality gap is that between technology and social institutions. While our technological imagination has soared ahead our institutional and social imagination has lagged passively behind. Our styles and institutions of living together – the sovereign state, the city, the village, private property versus public enterprise – are ill-adapted to meet the challenges of rapid scientific and technical change.

Stretton is one of the few who vigorously exercises his institutional imagination and, in the present book, combines it with a brilliant historical analysis. The history he writes, however, is not of the past but of the future. His method is to set in considerable detail three scenarios for the remainder of the 20th century. As a way of influencing people this is, of course, an ancient admonitory method. The Old Testament prophets used it, although, like the prophet Jonah when he set a scenario of the destruction of Nineveh, they were occasionally confused about the radical difference between prophecy, the function of which is to make people mend their ways, and forecasting, which simply predicts the future. Jonah was angry, not delighted, when his self-unfulfilling prophecy turned out to be false because the people of Nineveh had finally decided to mend their ways.

Not so Hugh Stretton. The grim first scenario of the 'Siberian Bantustans', where a privileged ruling class, a 'frost-bitten oligarchy', enforces a low-energy, environmentally safe life-style on the impoverished and doped masses, is not painted so black as to make it unbelievable. Stretton's skill as futuristic historian consists in adding a sufficient number of tolerable features, which appear to soften his basic thesis, in order to immunise us against disbelief.

The second scenario is 'business as usual', with present trends continued and present problems multiplied. The third is the feasible ideal where environmental protection, greater equality and absence of inflation are achieved together. People deal more prudently with resources and more equally with one another. It offers

> a fair and workable solution to inflation; . . . a non-tyrannical way of reducing inequalities; . . . [and] a resource and environmental policy which would not increase inequalities.

Stretton is concerned about the exhaustion of non-renewable resources, about the degradation of the environment. But his analysis and solutions are not technocratic; they are psychological and political, that is to say human. Affluence has not created the social harmony that some people expected. The drug culture, the desire for participatory democracy, the alienation of workers and students, the new sexual morality, the retreat into communes – these are attitudes hostile to the Puritan ethic that is the basis of material growth. Environmental concern is a component of this protest, where anxiety for the protection of the environment makes for strange bedfellows: it unites the radical, the revolutionary and the conservative. Stretton goes on to work out the implications of a socialist concern for the environment.

Reasonable men may differ about whether new technologies can detoxify effluents, recycle scarce materials, use low-grade minerals more efficiently, discover new deposits and invent better machines for digging them out. The danger and the barriers are neither physical, nor technical, but social and political. It is social rather than environmental breakdown that we must guard against. And Stretton succeeds in humanising social and economic institutions, against the prevailing winds of Marxist and free market ideologies, in the best tradition of the 'utopian' socialists who, in allowing their fantasy disciplined free play, were more realistic and less utopian than Marx and Engels, the Manchester liberals or neo-classical economists.

This is illustrated by Stretton's treatment of socialism which (he pleads) should begin, literally, at home. The basic choice is not between private corporate ownership and state ownership; rather, those two should be lumped together as institutional ownership and contrasted with the neglected household.

> The distinguished purpose of socialism should not be to reduce private and increase public ownership. It should be to tame institutional and increase domestic ownership: to attack inequality and alienation by giving to every household (as far as scarcity and environmental prudence allow) the fullest control of the most versatile resources it can use.

The view that private and public resources are not alternatives but, when properly managed, are mutually supportive, is developed with rich illustrations. The neglected importance of the home as a source of productive activity and personal development is convincing for advanced, rich countries. Yet it is my impression that in poor countries housing is an acquired taste and food, water, security of job, education and transport have higher priority. To judge from my experience of internment and the war in cramped barracks and overcrowded ships, the need for private space is more compressible than other needs.

It's curious that Stretton does not discuss nuclear power and more particularly the fast-breeder reactor and the resulting international plutonium economy. The 'nuclear

'The Catcher in the Rye of the 1970's' *Washington Post*

ORDINARY PEOPLE

Judith Guest

A perceptive, moving and funny first novel . . . truthful and sensitive' *The Times*

'Not unworthy successor to the immortal **Catcher in the Rye** *Cosmopolitan*

'Has wit, grace and penetrating understanding of the small dramas of daily life' *Sunday Times*

£3.50
Collins

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priesthood' that would have to guard the toxic plutonium, which has a half-life of 250,000 years, would raise the questions of environmental protection, liberty and equality that are very much at the heart of Stretton's concern. The inevitable degree of surveillance might destroy the open society he paints so attractively. It is clear that he would reject the 'energy gap' and the projected 'fuel needs' (derived from mindless extrapolations of recent trends) and that he envisages a low-energy scenario. However, it is not clear that his 'hearth-and-home, do-it-yourself' socialism could work on very low energy.

Nor does he discuss population control which Sir Andrew Cohen, when Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Overseas Development, always (unintentionally) coupled with pest control as two important areas of British technical assistance. But having given us so much, one asks for more from a book which could serve as a new socialist manifesto.

Mervyn Jones

Agitprop

Why You Should Be a Socialist by PAUL FOOT *Socialist Workers' Party* 35p

One evening in May 1968 I stood in the middle of the Boulevard Saint-Germain (empty of traffic, since the police were kept out of the Left Bank by barricades and the bourgeoisie were scared to go there) and wondered what was going to happen next. Ten million French workers were on strike; the government wasn't functioning; de Gaulle had left Paris; an afternoon paper had come out with the splendid headline TOUT EST POSSIBLE. I had an idea that somebody might take the plunge and form the provisional government of a socialist France. There were thousands of socialists, indeed revolutionaries, around. But they all stood around, like me, discussing a variety of philosophical ideas. Then we went to bed.

Paul Foot would say that the chance was missed because there was no revolutionary party. Socialism can be attained only by revolution, he argues forcefully in this pamphlet, and revolution requires leadership. To fill the gap, he urges workers who have lost faith in capitalism to join the Socialist Workers' Party, the new name for International Socialism.

The trouble is that there has to be a three-stage process. First, your worker has to be convinced of the case for socialism. Then, he has to grasp that he won't get socialism by electing a Labour Government and must prepare for revolution. Thirdly, he has to decide that the necessary leadership will come from the SWP rather than the Communist Party, the Workers' Revolutionary Party, the International Marxist Group, the Communist Party (Marxist-Leninist), or other competitors. The disunity, indeed the mutual hostility, of these groupings – or *groupuscules*, to use the dismissive French word – appears to me to be a grave obstacle; there might be some serious prospects if they could get together. If you put this to Paul Foot he would reply by telling you what is wrong with the CP, the WRP and the rest, and most of what he'd say would be true. The fact remains that there can be no revolution so long as energies are dissipated by competition between a number of candidates for the job.

However, what I'm reviewing is a superb contribution towards the first stage in the process. The casualties of the television age include, as well as street-corner meetings and political rallies big enough to fill Earls Court stadium, the pamphlets which used to be the intellectual life-blood of the Left. There were topical pamphlets as a response to crisis, often appearing within a few days; and there were pamphlets designed to effect a basic change in thinking.

Foot has deliberately adopted the title of a pamphlet by John Strachey which was highly effective in the Thirties and which cost, if I am not mistaken, twopence. His own work is, in style and purpose, a pamphlet rather than a book. Probably he was unwise in stretching it to 93 pages and cramming in a variety of topics, such as a condensed version of Isaac Deutscher's theory of what went wrong in the USSR. Still, it is all immensely readable and it costs only 35p. Foot's special gift is to be muck-raker and advocate in one; he picks up a scandal, such as Centrepoint or the Lockheed bribes, shows its significance, and points us towards the vision of a society in which such waste and greed would be impossible. This is a technique of every successful pamphleteer, and in our times Paul Foot has no rival. Whether he succeeds in building the SWP or not, if he makes socialists he will deserve applause.

John Mackendrick

Büchner's Woyzeck

The fairy tale is quite deserted,
Its meres are frozen, roads broken,
Gates and purposes rotted away.
Frost spines the thistle's ruff
In the place where the cornfield was;
All the fieldmice have been harvested.

The castle walls fell into the moat,
The courtyard turned into mud;
Armorial banners, screaming maids
And the rest of the palace debris
Floated a while in one or the other
Then sunk. Mud and moat froze over them.

Only the solitary iron tower survives,
Built to circle the mad prince's life
With silence, rusting round the instant
That split it as the scream did his throat,
His chains and the guard's
transfixed amazement
At red bubbles blinking on his
borrowed penknife.

In the storyteller's mind – unhinged
Like a dislocated limb – the moment spins.

John Sturrock

Means and Ends

Camus and Sartre: Crisis and Commitment by GERMAINE BREE *Calder & Boyars* £4.95 and £2.50

Cahiers II: Youthful Writings by ALBERT CAMUS *Hamish Hamilton* £5.50

Camus and Sartre make a familiar, if now slightly dated, double act, with Camus invariably playing the beauty to Sartre's beast. Their opinions are at least comparable, though by no means as alike as they were widely held to be in *angst*ier days than these, when the search was on for some fresh and compelling metaphysic. Whenever they are compared, it is Camus who gets much the better of it: his views are generous, careful, even feasible, while those of Sartre are reckless if not downright revolutionary. Given the choice – and the whole point I take it of studying them together in a single book is to force us to choose – who but the deliberately perverse will not prefer the decency of the one to the intellectual bullying of the other, especially when it is so hard merely to keep up with the ideological shifts of Sartre, fond as he has always been of living out his famous Existentialist freedom by sudden, comprehensive changes of mind?

For a short time at the end of the last war, Camus and Sartre were friends and, together with the philosopher Maurice Merleau-Ponty, the brains of the French Left. They were not quite members of the Communist Party but they wanted wholesale social reforms, to the advantage of the working class. Then they fell out, in one of those spectacular, theoretical quarrels to which the upper intelligentsia of Paris is so prone. Sartre was now seen to be an extremist, positively bloodthirsty in his repudiation of the bourgeoisie from which he himself came, and prepared, if need be, to argue even Stalin away as a nasty but defensible moment in the great and good historical process. If the end was right, so was the means. With Camus it was the reverse – he became preoccupied with the means. Unlike Sartre, he seems to have worried that his ideas might actually be effective, and his practical recommendations became more and more subdued. He thought that tinkering with society was better than overturning it, and that it was wrong to sacrifice a single human life for any possible future whatsoever. Life was the highest good, however miserable its conditions.

Between them, in those ardent, impressionable days, Camus and Sartre captured a great many young French consciences. The tougher ones followed Sartre, the tenderer ones Camus, and what separated the first persuasion from the second was as much sentimental differences as political ones. The whole episode is gone over, severely but readably, in Germaine Brée's useful book. Like almost all the other British or American academics who have

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published on this evergreen topic, she is for Camus and against Sartre; for Camus because he is sincere and has a keen sense of reality – this is put down to his childhood in a family of poor French colonists in Algeria; against Sartre because he is ruthless and bookish, a product of the elitist Ecole Normale Supérieure made intolerant by his own brilliance. Professor Brée in fact uses their circumstances to explain their beliefs.

Since she acknowledges that neither Camus nor Sartre ever had any visible influence on the actual conduct of politics in France, it is not clear why she should be so prejudiced. If the pair of them were writing, as they surely were, in the void so far as any praxis was concerned, it would make better sense to judge them by literary or more purely philosophical criteria than the moralistic ones used so unquestioningly here. No one doubts that Camus was the pleasanter, more responsible man, but that does not make him the more admirable writer. Indeed, as a writer Camus seems to me disastrously handicapped by his moderation, and it is the beastly Sartre, maddeningly wordy and obscure though he can sometimes be, who has written the more challenging books.

His disgust for his own middle-class origins is a richer literary inspiration, to take only one example, than Camus's plodding loyalty to his taciturn mother and heroic grandmother in Algeria. Camus could never have written *Words*, the acid and malicious volume of autobiography in which Sartre has much fun with his pompous family. There are fragments of autobiography in Camus's *Youthful Writings*, and awkward and portentous they are – faults which he never wholly outgrew. Where Sartre achieves feline caricatures of his mother and grandfather, Camus makes his mother into something dire and monumental, so eager is he to pass from the particular to the universal. It is Camus, the alleged realist, who is guilty of the worse abstraction. 'Revolt is part of human nature,' he wrote when he was 20 (it is one of the central themes of his later work), having mistaken his own cosmic anxieties and fury at the poverty of Algeria as part of the innate equipment of the race. Sartre's own thinking may be wishful, but not quite that wishful; his supreme merit as both a political and a literary thinker is never to have believed in human nature at all.

Among this week's contributors:

DOUGLAS JOHNSON is Professor of French History, University College, London; his books include *Guizot* (1963) and *France and the Dreyfus Affair* (1965).

PAUL STREETEN is an Economic Adviser to the World Bank, a Fellow of Balliol College and Director of the Institute of Commonwealth Affairs.

DAVID LODGE'S last novel, *Changing Places*, won the Hawthornden Prize.

JOHN CAREY is Merton Professor of English at Oxford University. His critical study, *Thackeray: Prodigal Genius*, will be published by Faber later this year.

NATHAN SILVER is co-author of *Adhocism: The Case for Improvisation*, published by Secker & Warburg.

John Carey

Go for the Music

Shakespeare's Dramatic Challenge by G. WILSON KNIGHT *Croom Helm* £5.95

Wilson Knight is unchallangeably the most inspiring Shakespearean critic our century has produced, and the mere fact that he is still turning out books at 80 would move any decently disposed reviewer to grateful comment, even if the inspiration were, by this time, running pretty thin. However, no such dutiful tribute has to be scraped together for this volume, which is sheer joy to read – crisp, and continually eye-opening. The approach is throughout that of an actor: the book complements and chronicles the dramatic recital of selected speeches from big Shakespearean parts which its author has been putting on at various venues in England and North America for the past 36 years. Anecdotes about life on the boards supply personal colour – some of them cautionary, as when he counsels against full-frontal male nudity: 'there being no control over the sexual organ, it flaps about regardless.' The stage has also taught him that tints in a wig or a flash of crimson from a robe can be more profoundly significant than drama's academically respectable elements.

But above all he has learnt, and teaches us, that Shakespeare's tragedies are made out of gesture and poetry, rather than out of characters and moral values. Shakespeare's heroes ride to triumph on their poetry, and make us glory in their articulation, in defiance, often, of both psychology and morals. Macbeth's 'Life's but a walking shadow' speech, for instance, is, Wilson Knight observes, unequivocally majestic, though it's supposed to be voicing the despair of a fagged-out killer. If an actor, angling for realism, tried to speak it brokenly, he would contradict the poetry. Macbeth functions as a 'poetic voice', not a character or moral being. The futility of taking Shakespeare's speeches as a guide to 'character' (as genuine speech inevitably is) is illustrated, at the simplest level, by the frequent disparity between alleged personality and utterance – as when Othello's way of expressing himself is set against his claim to blunt soldiership ('Rude am I in my speech').

Following up this line of argument, Wilson Knight finds himself largely agreeing with Shaw's advice to Mrs Patrick Campbell: 'When you play Shakespeare, don't worry about the character, but go for the music.' Having gone for the music himself for some 60-odd years, he is expert at noticing how it takes over and manipulates us at dramatic crises, when we ought, ethically speaking, to be resisting it. Thus Richard III's brisk tones on Bosworth-eve – 'Saddle white Surrey for the field tomorrow/ Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy' – personally involve us in his hopes and burdens, and make objective judgment of his evil impossible. This example, shedding light on lines that have always, without one realising why, made the heart quicken, is typical of the book's perceptiveness.

So is the beautifully shrewd section on *Romeo and Juliet* – a play used to illustrate the general theory that the only important progress a Shakespearean hero makes is progress in the poetry he speaks. 'The hero's task is to make the poetry real.' In the balcony scene, Wilson Knight notes, Romeo's poetry is not 'real'. The actor feels almost an unfair discrepancy between Juliet's varied utterance and his own one-way lines of rhapsodic adoration. Besides, his task is made more difficult by his having, as a rule, to speak up-stage. Not till he gets news of Juliet's death does Romeo's poetry mature. His meditation about the apothecary shows him for the first time 'objectively aware of general human suffering, unrelated to himself'.

It might be countered that Romeo's shift away from self-absorption here is as much a matter of character as of poetry. Wilson Knight's reply (I imagine) would be that only the poetry's authority makes us credit the character-shift, so the poetry remains the sole essential. Still, his position is, in the end, less extreme than Shaw's, since he believes Shakespeare had something worthwhile to say apart from the 'music'. This shows up especially in his treatment of *Timon of Athens* – which he regards as the culmination of Shakespeare's tragic quest. Excerpts from *Timon* provide the climax of his own dramatic recital, and a photograph of himself in the title role, clad in wig and leather loin-cloth, is one of the more arresting features of this volume.

Shakespeare designed Timon, Wilson Knight believes, as an ideal man – 'on every level a near superman', with magical radiations and 'supersexual' potency – an aspect of the character he conveys, in his dramatic recital, by means of a gold-sequinned G-string which comes to light when his loin-cloth is shed. He then turns his back on the audience, to express through 'the golden powers of the human form' his rejection of corrupt society. 'Timon is of our age, with hippies and inflation', enthuses Miss Olivia Mordue, in a review of the performance reprinted here; and Wilson Knight concurs, seeing Timon as a representative of 'the troubled youth movements of our own day'. To equate a Shakespearean hero

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with anything as incoherent and half-baked as that seems a pity. And I find it hard to share Wilson Knight's estimate of Timon's stature. Perhaps because, alone among the tragic protagonists, Timon neither kills a man nor loves a woman, he seems relatively null, despite the heroic dinner parties he throws. A gullible wastrel, who considers that humankind should be wiped out because his friends have let him down, is, one would have thought, far from being 'what man must measure himself by in order to advance' – as Wilson Knight's eulogy of Timon puts it. But to cavil in this way is to resort to precisely that kind of common-sense paraphrase which Wilson Knight, by his stress on the poetry, discredits. Whether or not one agrees with his reading of *Timon*, it is a bid to make numinous a part of Shakespeare that had seemed sterile, and in that sense it is of a piece with the book's whole enlightening power.

Blair Worden

The Black Monk

General Monck by MAURICE ASHLEY *Cape* £6.95

If individuals shape history, George Monck did as much as anyone to shape the political history of 17th-century England. In January 1660, when the Commonwealth was crumbling into anarchy, his army crossed the border from Scotland. Within six months he had engineered the Restoration of Charles II. In the interim, with little experience of high politics to help him, he kept the contending factions guessing about his intentions. 'He is a black Monk,' observed the Royalist John Mordaunt, 'and I cannot see through him.' Historians have been equally puzzled. Did Monck simply keep the options open as long as possible and then plump for monarchy when it seemed the only solution? Or did he plan to restore Charles II all along? Maurice Ashley agrees with Monck's chaplain, John Price, that Monck had firmly decided in favour of the Stuarts as early as August 1659. If so, Monck's public disavowals of kingship, and his deception of crafty republicans like Arthur Heselrige and Thomas Scot, were masterpieces of dissimulation.

I suspect that Ashley is broadly correct; but impressively as he marshals his evidence, his explanation may be a little too cut-and-dried. The defeated Puritans found it convenient, in retrospect, to picture Monck as a Machiavellian villain who had betrayed the Good Old Cause. Monck's supporters found it convenient, in retrospect, to portray him as a Machiavellian hero. That was the only heroic role in which he could plausibly be cast. All his life he was exceptionally courageous and exceptionally efficient; but he was hard to like. His friends admitted that 'he was no polite man in his address or way of speaking'. At a supper in 1667 Pepys noted his 'sorry company, his nasty wife, the dirty dishes, the bad meat and the ill dinner'. Monck may have thought the Restoration would serve England's interests, but he also knew that it would serve his own – as the dukedom and the fortune he collected in 1660 were to show.

Monck, as Ashley observes, 'had not a forgiving nature'. His sack of Dundee in 1651 impressed contemporaries almost as forcibly as Cromwell's punishment of Drogheda. And if Monck was personally unattractive, his career illustrates unattractive political truths. The idealism of the Puritan Revolution had ended in bloodshed and chaos. Order could be restored, and the spoils could be won, only by men who attuned themselves to power politics. Hobbes had seen the point, and Monck proved it.

Yet, as Ashley convincingly argues, we cannot dismiss Monck as a mere political opportunist. Only accident made him a politician at all. At heart he was a country gentleman and a soldier; and he was prepared to serve any regime which would provide stability at home and act vigorously against England's enemies in Europe, Scotland and Ireland. Ashley's swift and enjoyable biography sets Monck in the tradition of West-Country gentry who sought outlets for their energies in adventure abroad. The 1620s, when he was still in his teens, saw him fighting in the ill-fated naval expeditions against France and Spain. In the 1630s he fought for the Dutch against Spain and for Charles I against the Scots. In the 1640s he fought in Ireland, first for Charles, later for Parliament, but always against the Irish. In the 1650s he fought for Cromwell, at sea against the Dutch and on land in Scotland, where he assumed supreme command in 1654.

In the Civil War he had been temporarily imprisoned for his Royalist affiliations; but he obviously regarded the division between crown and Parliament as needless and artificial. Political passion and sectarian idealism always dismayed him. No doubt he thought that idealism was Cromwell's weakness, but Cromwell saw his value. Indeed Monck, like Broghil, Cooper, Lockhart and Fauconberg, was one of the *politique* Royalists on whom Cromwell came increasingly to depend during the Protectorate.

Maurice Ashley is a prolific historian, but *General Monck* is one of the best books he has written. The taciturn Monck left few revealing documents. Ashley has unearthed a little new evidence, but his principal achievement is to create a consistent and persuasive portrait from familiar but difficult material. He is especially good on Monck's formative years and on his military and naval exploits. His book will help to restore Monck to his proper historical status.

Roy Fuller

Poet as Typist

When with two fingers I am typing out
A work of mine, instead of 'poetry'
'Pottery' sometimes comes or 'potery'.

Pottery must make the reader doubt:
Can Fuller here be talking sensibly,
For once, of cup and saucer, lid and spout?

Potery's just as mad as poetry.

David Lodge

Death-Dealing

Beard's Roman Women by ANTHONY BURGESS *Hutchinson* £4.25

'Cirrhosis isn't too bad a thing to die of,' says Ron Beard, alluding to the recent death of his wife. 'Have you ever died of it?' replies Miriam, bitterly. She herself, an old flame he has bumped into at Rome airport, happens to be dying of cancer. *Beard's Roman Women* is very much a novel about death, but if this sounds like sombre stuff, let me assure you that it is extremely funny as well as poignant and thought-provoking.

Beard is a familiar Burgess hero: a rumpled, middle-aged screenplay writer, who has done time in the Far East, smokes and drinks too much, is a prey to guilts and anxieties and needs continual mothering. After Leonora's death (handled with superb economy and authenticity in the opening pages) he is summoned, to discuss the making of a film about Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, to Hollywood, where his producer, assuring him that 'death is crap', urges him to start a new life, 'meaning, to work a little and get laid a lot'.

Beard, whose libido is rusty from disuse, finds the latter injunction difficult to obey until he falls in love with Paola Belli, a youngish Italian photographer, estranged wife of P. R. Pathan (pet-name Prrrp – a recurrence of the bilabial fricative joke in *The Doctor is Sick*), a highbrow West Indian novelist of whom Beard feels both professionally and amorously jealous. Beard moves in with Paola in Rome and patiently escorts her round the streets of the Eternal City as she experimentally photographs the sights reflected in puddles and windows. (Such photographs, taken by David Robinson, prettily but superfluously decorate this book.) The prospects for a new life look good until Paola is whisked off to cover the Six Day War. Then strange things begin to happen.

An old Far East pal of Beard's, a marvellously funny drunk called Greg Greg, turns up in Rome claiming to have seen Leonora in London after the date of her death. Beard gets telephone calls from someone calling herself Leonora, too like her in voice, and too intimately allusive, to be the work of an impostor. This Leonora demands restitution of her marital rights and proposes to fly out to Rome to join Beard. The next morning he reads in the newspaper of an unidentified Englishwoman found murdered at the precise spot in Rome where she had her first collapse many years before, and reflects: 'If Leonora had not died hereto-

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fore, let this be Leonora.' But Leonora is soon back on the phone, demanding Beard's return to England.

Beard admits to guilt feelings about Leonora – for having indirectly encouraged her drinking, and for having denied her sick body sexual love; and as an article in *Vogue*, to which the ghostly voice of Leonora directs his attention, points out, 'Every Widower Feels Like a Murderer' – if only in recognising his freedom to indulge in fresh, new sex with flat-bellied, firm-breasted chickies. Yet the obstinate refusal of Leonora to fade out of Beard's life cannot be explained away as guilt-induced hallucination in the manner of Waugh's Gilbert Pinfold, for her resurrection is independently confirmed by Greg Greg and others. Rather, it would seem that Beard has paranormal powers (perhaps activated by the trauma of bereavement), to 'indent the natural order', as Paola puts it, 'to invoke . . .'

Thus his association of Paola with Miriam summons up the latter in the bar at Rome airport. His reading of the *Vogue* article invokes four chickies, three of them flat and firm, who gang-bang him in a feminist reversal of a scene from *A Clockwork Orange*. His Roman days are full of small instances of precognition. In short, Beard's commonsense materialism is undermined by his experiences quite as much as his conscience is harrowed. Leonora is resurrected not once, but twice. In the last chapter, in which, after a gap in time, Beard is discovered married to Leonora's sexy but domesticated younger sister, Leonora is still phoning him, urgently demanding erotic satisfaction on her third deathbed. But by this time Beard has another death to think about.

In its use of the supernatural, *Beard's Roman Women* is more akin to Muriel Spark than Evelyn Waugh, but like *Gilbert Pinfold* it has a fascinating autobiographical dimension. It is a matter of public record that Mr Burgess's first wife, Welsh like Beard's, was an alcoholic (though for reasons not reflected in this novel). She died in 1968, in which year Burgess married his second wife, an Italian lady, since when he has lived mostly in or near Rome. Like Beard, Mr Burgess has worked in Brunei, and is a writer of TV and film scripts, sometimes of a potboiling kind. Like P. R. Pathan, he is also a novelist of high literary standing, and has held a professorship in New York where he caused scandal by publicly attacking black cultural militancy. Mr Burgess was, at the outset of his literary career, in exactly the same situation as Beard at the end of the novel, under sentence of death from doctors who seem to have made a happy mistake.

I do not mean to suggest that this novel is a *roman* (or Roman) *à clef*, but these autobiographical references are clearly deliberate, partly illuminating and partly disconcerting in postmodernist fashion, drawing attention to the complicated and reversible relationships that exist between art and life, as well as between life and death. Having finished it, one feels an irresistible urge to turn back to page one and read it all through again. The subject may be death, but the writing bubbles like life-giving oxygen.

Derek Mahon

Round Tables

Dreams of Revenge by KEVIN CASEY *Faber* £3.25
Dick Barton, Special Agent by ELWYN JONES *Arthur Barker* £3.95
The Acts of King Arthur and his Noble Knights by JOHN STEINBECK *Heinemann* £6.50

There are two kinds of Irish novel, the ludic and the technically conventional. Not surprisingly, it's the ludic novelists (Joyce, Beckett, Flann O'Brien) who have received most attention, while the technically conventional (Francis Stuart, John McGahern, Maurice Leitch) have sometimes received less than their due. Kevin Casey belongs to the conventional school, in as much as he is more concerned with content than with form; more interested in moral problems than in metaphysical speculation. His latest novel, or novella (a mere 135 pages), concerns the plight of a young writer whose faith in rational solutions is gradually eroded by the irrational evidence of the world – the torments of sexual jealousy, the political violence of Belfast. Michael is at work on a book about Michael Davitt, the 19th-century Fenian and agrarian reformer. His admiration for Davitt derives from Davitt's

> strict adherence to the rational, despite all the potent reasons in his life for choosing violence . . . He had thought his way with difficulty to a recognition of the inevitable falsifications in the traditions of the oppressed.

But, having written his chapter on this, Michael adds, 'I felt like a drunk advocating the merits of sobriety.' For he himself has just been thrown over by an English girl he had met at a Dublin demo after Bloody Sunday, and his own feelings are not far from murderous.

The action of the novel takes place in Belfast, Dublin and Amsterdam, where Michael spends a short vacation with Anna, the second girl in the story, a Dublin artist married to a Belfast-based reporter. In Amsterdam he and Anna are spotted by her husband, who is there to buy arms for the IRA; and the wronged husband takes a gruesome revenge. The story as I've described it is not exactly rich in incident (although there are gripping moments, as when Michael is taken in for 'pointless walking' and interrogated by the Provos in a council house with toys on the floor and pictures of Tone and Emmet on the wall); but the life of the book is the life of the narrator's mind, in his desire both to do the right thing and to protect himself, and in his discovery of the inadequacy of rational goodwill as represented by his affable English publisher, the bourgeois Burgess:

> 'If others could get round a table,' he said, 'what a difference it would make.' He was a man who preserved a simple faith in rational solutions.

In some ways the book recalls Camus's *La Chute*, not only in its descriptions of Amsterdam and its organic use of painting, but in its confessional aspect and in its willingness to believe the worst of mankind. Its weaknesses lie in an evident desire to shock the reader with the details of what happens when, for example, a booby-trapped car explodes with someone inside it (but we all know now, even if we haven't actually seen them, the severed limbs and plastic bags); and the strangely plodding prose, which acknowledges the importance of the imagination but never quite flashes with the stuff. And there is only one moment of humour, when 'a Northern poet' at the opening of Anna's exhibition remarks: 'There's a certain wistful quality in the work. A kind of precocious angst.' There are the makings of a rich and sustained work of fiction here. A pity that Mr Casey has dealt with his material in such a cursory way.

Bulldog Drummond, you remember, chafed at the boredom of life in civvy street and longed for a bit of action, especially if it involved bashing Jews or whipping Chinks until they squealed for mercy. (Poor old 'Sapper' . . .). That was way back in the golden days after the first world war. In the less golden days after the second war another restless sapper took the nation by storm – Captain Richard Barton, late of the Royal Engineers, assisted by loyal 'Jock' Anderson and ex-Sergeant 'Snowy' White ('Oo sorry, sir, I can't get used to calling you nothing else after six years').

Dick Barton, Special Agent made his debut on the BBC Light Programme in 1946 and was instantly a folk hero. He didn't bash Jews or whip Chinks, but he did outwit fiendish master-crooks, save damsels and rescue the country from who knows what horrors. Now Elwyn Jones, creator of *Z-Cars, Softly, Softly* and *Barlow at Large*, may God forgive him, has resurrected some of the early scripts and written them up as short stories. Their interest is purely antiquarian; but social historians of the post-war period will do well to keep Dick Barton in mind. His audience, by April 1947, averaged 15 million. A boy in Hendon, charged with breaking and entering, explained: 'I thought I was Dick Barton'; and Newcastle County Magistrates protested to the Home Office that 'the trend of such BBC broadcasts as *Dick Barton* is harmful to young people'. What would 'Sapper' have made of it all?

John Steinbeck was a curious writer and a curious man. Some, like myself, have not been offered the Nobel Prize; others, like Sartre, have refused it. But Steinbeck is the only one, to my knowledge, who accepted it while making it clear that he didn't deserve it. This estimate of his own work was engagingly candid, and indeed quite true, although *The Grapes of Wrath* has some claim to the status of a minor classic. Steinbeck was first and foremost a pro: he wrote books. His last book, based on Malory, was written

> in plain present-day speech for my young sons, perhaps to compete with the movies and comic-strip travesties which are the only available source for those impatient with Malory's spelling and archaic words.

Not a work of scholarship, but a competent and useful piece of bookmaking, and as such highly recommended.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

The Weight of the Moon

The Middle Man *Academy One*
Next Stop, Greenwich Village *Rialto*
Cross of Iron *ABC 2, Shaftesbury Avenue*
Ludwig: Requiem for a Virgin King *Paris Pullman* and *Phoenix*
When the North Wind Blows *ABCs Edgware and Fulham Roads*

And as many more again, I fear, which must get summary justice next week: for the lucky Londoner, there is an embarrassment of films on current offer. By some way the best of these is Satyajit Ray's 1975 *The Middle Man*, a portrait of the contemporary realities of big-city life to set beside his *Company Limited* of four years earlier. At the centre vacillates one Somnath Bannerji (Pradip Mukherjee), younger son of a good though not rich Brahmin family, thrust out on the harsh streets of Calcutta with a degree less distinguished than expected of him. It is a bleak tale in essence, pursuing Somnath as he loses his girl friend, hunts hopelessly for a worthy job, ends up as the inevitably corrupted wheeler-and-dealer of the title. Everyone, the story – drawn by Ray from a tale by Shankar – seems to imply, is on the make against appalling odds, not least the vast new 'academic proletariat'.

Ads for ten job vacancies draw a million replies and, in one of the film's lighter scenes, we watch as poor Somnath agonisedly types his first application: the camera sits on the keys and there is a wince and a laugh as *Dear Sir?* emerges. Ray cuts quickly here: several fellow-spirits are shown posting similar letters, the piles of such letters are followed to a sorting office. Elsewhere, there is a rapid series of interviewing boards: 'Who?', 'What?', 'Why?', the hard faces fire at him, culminating in the absurdity, 'What is the weight of the moon?' Little wonder, you feel, that a fellow should find himself at the close delivering his pal's sister (now a whore) to a visiting businessman's hotel room to seal a contract.

But if the facts are harsh, the people mostly venal, Ray's extraordinary sympathy with ordinary behaviour under stress irradiates every incident. The other occupants of the office where Somnath has a desk and shares a telephone are more than caricatures, and one in particular, Mr Mitter (beautifully played by Robi Gosh), nearly walks away with the piece. This Mitter, a self-styled PRO, half-amiably takes Somnath's worldly education in hand, at a price. Gobbling away at an omelette, he initiates the pimping business: cheerfully matter-of-fact, he leads the queasy young man the next night on a hasty, increasingly desperate search for the necessary tart. Then the lad is on his own, after a muddled bid to save the girl (she coldly rejects it), staring at the shut door of a hotel room. His father's face swims into focus. He is home again, telling the delighted aging man, by-passed by history, 'I've got the contract'. India is catching up fast with the rest of us.

The thought occurs, as one turns to Paul Mazursky's *Next Stop, Greenwich Village*, which is crammed with breezy references to diaphragms and rubbers and gays and abortions, even though it is set around 1953. Mazursky, writer, director, producer (*Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Blume in Love*, *Harry and Tonto*), is a very hip charmer who, at the top of his form, has me where I least enjoy being: in two minds. Forget *H and T* – that I straightforwardly disliked. But he is one of the newish American, *ultra*-American, talents to be reckoned with: knowing, urban, with a fine ear for a telling throwaway, a great eye to the main chance, and yet capable of surprising one into recognitions.

This latest confident trick, probably autobiographical in inspiration, has Larry Lapinsky (Lenny Baker, a gangling, cajoling non-beauty) tearing himself out like a bloody tooth from Jewish Brooklyn and the bloated Shelley Winters, for once perfectly cast as octopodous Momma, to go be an actor in the Village. Here he meets up with a well-assorted gang of kooks, breaks with his girl Susan (Ellen Greene), and – surprise, surprise – gets his crack at Hollywood. Anyone who can be as funny as Lenny Baker is during a nocturnal station platform routine, when he does his own Academy Awards ceremony, was always thereabouts, anyway. Arthur Ornitz's photography is super. And I hate leaving it at that, because Christopher Walken as a cold-fish stud-cum-poet, another actor as a petulant postulant who flounces out of an audition, a dumpy lass called Dori Brenner all rate high praise, keeping the Method in their madness nicely down.

By now it would appear that Sam Peckinpah and I are not made for each other. The slowed-motion visualisation of violence is certainly not his invention, any more than it was Arthur Penn's in *Bonnie and Clyde* (where it had a purpose), but it has equally surely become his trade-mark. You can argue that fragments of human tissue flying with lethargic grace through the air take the edge off the otherwise unendurable. Peckinpah's processes, however, come over less and less as anaesthetic, more and more as aesthetic *tout court*. There is enjoyment in the flowerings of shrapnel, the floating splinters of glass. *Cross of Iron* is in the old dubious stoic formula. James Coburn plays a German corporal, later upped to sergeant, super-tough leader of his own band of faithfuls: the year is 1943, the terrain the Eastern Front, the conquering enemy the Russians. It is Coburn's Steiner who has the line that is presumed to put us all in our places: 'A man,' he drawls, 'is generally what he feels himself to be.'

To his outfit, commanded by a subdued James Mason, who is in turn protecting an intellectual adjutant (David Warner doing his sardonic sensitive), comes Maximilian Schell as a somehow unlikely Prussian aristocrat, Captain Stransky, out to grab a quick Iron Cross before the coming débâcle. Stransky is soon blackmailing a gay lieutenant and even persuades him to have his men shoot at Steiner and Co. as they return from a suicidal raid. This is a tremendously noisy affair, more a matter of bang, bang, thank you, Sam, than anything subtler. The only time I could definitely discern who was fighting whom occurred in the film's nastiest episode, involving Steiner's bullyboys and a Russian women's mortar platoon, some salacious stripping, and a bitten-off penis. 'What shall we do if we lose this war?' asks someone. Comes the grim reply, 'Prepare for the next one'. Please, Mr Peckinpah, don't take this metaphorically.

Hans Jürgen Syberberg will be known to some as the German director of *Confessions of Winifred Wagner*. In 1972 he made a 139-minute film for Bavarian TV which now comes before us under the surely mistranslated title of *Ludwig: Requiem for a Virgin King*. This Ludwig II of Bavaria lived with a nuttiness some have found superb (at the least, emblematic) between 1845 and 1886, conducting a queer private court, shifting it around the castles he built *passim*, and patronising Wagner literally like mad. Herr Syberberg has taken elements of this career, so unlike the home life of our own dear Queen Victoria, and made everything more so, chopping his film into 28 chapters, using back and front projection (I speak loosely, but loosely will do), having Lola Montez double as First Norn, introducing a male and female Wagner in case boredom is setting in, cutting in muddy-looking interviews with a Professor Von Gudden, and every once in a yawning while bringing off the authentically staggering visual treat. The *Hellzapoppin* viewpoint (such deliberate anachronisms as men on motorbikes and all) is maintained with the Teutonic steadiness of Freud explaining the mechanism of a joke.

When the North Wind Blows we shall have snow, or so my nanny taught me, and the Canadian Stewart Raffill, who wrote and directed this yarn of a lonely old ostracised trapper in the Alaskan wilds of 1900, brings it to us in screenfuls, courtesy of Alberta. There is some unusually audacious footage of roaming tigers, ultimately tamed and saved from zoo-men by the bearded old 'un, who chooses to stay a solitary. Children may enjoy the anti-civilisation-as-we-know-it message as well as the apparent animal savagery. We are assured not the hair of a mouse was mussed.

PS: at the Electric, 13-26 February, two oldish, poorish French films for those who have seen all the decent ones: Jeff Musso's *The Puritan* (1938), with Barrault hamming up a ludicrous script, and Serge de Poligny's *Le Baron Fantôme* (1943), with interventions on story and (possibly) direction from Cocteau: he may also be glimpsed in mummified form as that Baron.

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Architecture

Nathan Silver

Monumental Gaul

Renzo Piano and Richard Rogers, architects of the Centre Pompidou in Paris, knew that the history of success in international architectural competitions was daunting. You never know the taste and influence of some cranky dilettante from Uruguay, who may team up with the town planner from Bulgaria and deny prizes to the deserving. Anyway, deserving by what standards? Then, the sheer number of entries in important competitions (500 is common; there were 681 in Paris) makes success a bit like a lottery result. Finally, even to win is not to guarantee your honoured presence at an eventual ribbon-cutting ceremony, which can be thwarted by clients' cold feet (cf. the Parliamentary Office Building in London), or through a runner-up suddenly being asked to build his design, usually for reasons of crass chauvinism and intrigue. The way that Piano and Rogers entered the competition (nagged by their future collaborators at Ove Arups, from whom they demanded – and were paid – £300 towards expenses), how they won it (via the influence of Philip Johnson, a discerning assessor in possession of well-considered standards), and then how they got to build their design (without associated French architects) deserves more than a routine recognition of achievement. It probably deserves performance as an electronic opera to a gala audience at the Centre.

For such a production the prima donna, or prima Moog synthesiser, would be the role of M. Robert Bordaz, French civil servant, former head of ORTF and sometime organiser of the French orderly withdrawal from Vietnam. On his last post prior to retirement, he guided the Centre's design through furious objections, delays, changes of government and seven lawsuits. 'A brilliant client,' says Rogers. The architects and Bordaz still needed the sort of luck Napoleon demanded of his generals. In August 1974 the President of the Republic called in the scheme for reconsideration. It was the last of many moments when the end seemed truly at hand. After days of tense indecision the word came down that the Centre could be built. But the designers were asked to remove the service ducts and elements from the outside, and off the roof, or to put them inside a further external covering. (The outside services *are* the design, as everyone is probably now aware.) They desperately pointed out in reply that a further covering – solar screen, shadow box, or whatever (curtains?) – could always be added, because the building's rhetorical position allowed for adaptability and change. Considering the already staggering costs, adaptability was a largely metaphysical point. But in the spirit of a national culture famous for philosophy, somehow this argument commanded enough respect for the work to carry on.

For the main building pieces, the French steel industry was first tried and found wanting, to the tune of about double the expected costs. The architects then falsely leaked that a concrete structure might be substituted, and sought re-tenders on the pricy steel. As an Axis of low prices from Germany and Japan tumbled in, a last-minute 'error' in one of the original French tenders was communicated to the architects, which would have put it just within competitive reason. All vast construction contracts are rigged, Piano and Rogers thought, as they wondered who on their staff had sold out the secret low figures, and for how much. The huge steel castings which join the tubular structure like knucklebones finally came from Krupps in Germany, to French off-loading points where 'Krupp' was feverishly painted out.

Architects are supposed to guard their clients' money and spend it wisely. Money had everything to do with the Centre Pompidou, where building costs alone (site, fees, etc. excluded) will probably cost the equivalent of £47 million. As for fees, they were supposed to total 6 per cent in all, including the work of architects, engineers, interior designers and graphic artists; with prodding, France hurried through legislation embodying a new professional fee system so the design team could collect 10.2 per cent instead. Over £4.7m. for fees sounds pretty good, but it will finally have to cover perhaps seven or eight years' work with a large staff. The architects wouldn't put up with the divided responsibilities inherent in the French *Bureau d'Etude* professional building system. The monumental gall of Piano and Rogers's refusing even to work with an associated French firm of architects (they were correctly advised, they feel) becomes manifest when you think of Rogers just off the boat in 1971 'not even knowing how to ask for, or where to buy a pencil', as he admits.

The record of their past work shows Piano and Rogers's design principles to be rather bulldog-tenacious; doubtless revealingly worthy of British Rogers, though Piano is from Milan. Rogers was a partner of Norman Foster once (and may be again, unless new clients appear). Rogers, like Foster, is a believer in the aesthetics of ultra-tech, and both put in time in America. Rogers returned to England after a Yale architecture degree and a stint at Skidmore Owings and Merrill, where the neoprene gasket (Lever House *inter alia*) became to them what a trowel of mortar is to most. Foster, Piano and Rogers have taken something from America which doesn't even exist there, or not any more: a pure faith in technology. Only Buckminster Fuller (now disowned even by many former adherents) has remained so uncorrupted by humanising expediency. Last year Piano and Rogers's research lab for the P.A. Technical Services Centre, Melbourn, Herts., won first prize from the *Financial Times* in their industrial architecture awards – it has its service bowels exposed below the main floor level. Their interests are certainly centred on the aforementioned adaptability and change as prime vectors, for which one would suppose that one's architectural means ought to be open, flexible, inclusive, loose, unpretentious-looking, ad hoc-looking. Instead, they almost invariably choose means which are highly sophisticated and ultra-technological-looking. So their buildings have not only been of glass and steel as in Paris and Hertfordshire, but of tensile cables, inflatable membranes, structural shells, space frames, prefab systems, neoprene gaskets. For sun, have automatically-responding control. For door, use zipper.

What Philip Johnson and the other assessors saw in the Piano and Rogers design was clear. Their building was a perfect model for the greatest unbuilt idea of our generation: the overweening urban megastructure, stripped entirely of the closed facade; and most vital and expressive of all, revealing all building services – forming a 'natural' exterior, seemingly innocent of aesthetic rules. Whatever its weaknesses as a principle for the future (massive costs due to the weather-proofing of exterior guts make one weakness sadly clear), the influence of this lucky original will be vast and historic – like the Crystal Palace, which it resembles in some ways (but again, not to be compared in relative costs). Buildings with services on the outside have flexibly divisible space on the inside, ideal for office space, and this dumb practical lesson will outflank the high principles of the Centre Pompidou as look-alikes are engendered. But it's ungenerous to blame a leader for weak followers. Until imitators arise at least, one can praise the skilful first, and brave foremost; and as the French are undoubtedly putting it at this moment, one can be astonished by its audacity.

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Television

Ian Hamilton

Rough Trade

Just for a change, the most lowering moment of 'my viewing week' occurred off-screen. It was Saturday morning, Phoebus was ablaze, and there in front of me was this pallid nine-year-old, fruit of my loins, irritably tugging shut the curtains so that he could more clearly see a group of poxy-looking yobs strum out a pop song about not getting laid. It isn't often that television actually makes daddy angry, and on the whole he's against curbing kiddies' natural appetite for what will do them harm, but somehow this incident set him to quizzing his cowed offspring. Isn't there *something* you would rather do than look at *them*?

There wasn't, and apparently this is the kind of narcotic hold on tender minds that is being triumphantly exercised these days by BBC-1's new *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop*. The show runs for three hours every Saturday morning and I'm told that you needn't bother showing your face at school on Monday if you can't swap swap-shop dope with your buddies in the playground. If you don't know what's Number Three this week, and if you're not up on how Tarquin from Solihull is offering his game of *Buccaneer* for any six back-issues of *Monster Fun*, you may just as well stay at home and watch the Open University.

The programme, blandly chaired by disc jockey Noel Edmonds, has two obsessions: pop music and trade. When you are not listening to a song, or being provided with some useless bit of Tin Pan Alley expertise, you are meant to be on the make: sound early training, you might say, but I'm not sure. For a start, I'm not convinced that the seven-to-ten-year-olds at whom the show seems to be aimed actually like pop songs. As with football, you rarely see their faces rapt with interest while the event is taking place. What matters is the know-how, the names, the league-placings, and to some extent the paraphernalia: badges, posters, scarves. They talk about both subjects incessantly, they pretend to have heroes and take sides, but the chat never has anything to do with the quality of the performance, nor with any pleasure taken in it. What's faintly sickening about *Swap Shop* is that it knows this very well, and sets out to bombard the brats into stupefaction with chart placings, mini-interviews with stars, newsy stuff about whose single is coming out next week, etc; thus creating – they would no doubt say – an ongoing interest situation. In other words, an addiction; a way of keeping however many million kids it is slack-mouthed between cartoons.

'You're not the only honest cop in New York.' A pretty uppish thing to say to a chap who looks like *Serpico* (BBC-1) – Gospel-issue beard, horizon-roving eyes, plainer-than-plain raiment – and who is known to us from the Al Pacino movie as relentless and solitary in his opposition to police corruption. In this pilot film, Serpico looked properly troubled by the accusation: after all, he has a whole series ahead of him and if nosing out the rotten apples is to be his thing he needs to know that there will be a good supply. In fact, it seems doubtful that the series *will* focus on bent cops; on the evidence of this trailer, there will be routine gestures to the original Serpico character – speaks six languages, reads poetry, is liberal about soft drugs – and these will involve only the odd sullied uniform.

John Hopkins's six-part series *Fathers and Families* (BBC-1) got off to a banal and gloomy start last week; a cut above *Another Bouquet*, with which it has rightly been compared, but not much more than that. Middle-aged lust, and the manifold hypocrisies and self-deception that ensue therefrom, was the main preoccupation, and with actors like Dinsdale Landen and T. P. Mckenna on duty it would have been surprising if there hadn't been a few unsettlingly accurate moments. But Pinter-like pauses, lilts and trailaways were constantly resorted to in an attempt to invest commonplaces with suggestions of originality, and when the dialogue wasn't third-hand it was almost stutteringly fractured: 'It won't take any longer . . . it isn't easy . . . I don't particularly relish . . .'. But no more; it may be catching.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Klannish

The Last Meeting of the Knights of the White Magnolia *Hampstead*
The Sons of Oedipus *Greenwich*

To write a whimsical, gently mocking comedy about the National Front would, you'll agree, be to under-react to a dangerous phenomenon. To satirise some eccentric offshoot of the British Union of Fascists, which had failed to notice that the 1930s weren't still in being, would be a curiously pointless exercise, akin to digging up a long-decomposed corpse and gaily pelting it with raspberries. Which of these comparisons best fits Preston Jones's *Knights of the White Magnolia*, which concerns the terminal splutter of a group that split off from the Ku Klux Klan 'because anyone that's gotta put on a white sheet to kick a coon's ass has gotta be a damn fool'? Frankly, I'm not sure. To answer that, we'd have to know more about extreme right-wing politics in eastern Texas, or whatever sub-section of the southern states is supposed to be evoked by the slightly wonky drawl onstage at Hampstead. Perhaps such excrescences can now be affectionately patronised. Perhaps they can even be patronised in Dallas, where the play was first performed and where, if you'll cast your minds back, a Left-leaning president was not exactly made welcome a decade-and-a-half ago. But even if this is true, and Kennedy's successors can now fly south without being greeted by ads and placards denouncing them as traitors to capitalism and white supremacy, the obvious doubt remains: why squander nostalgic smiles on a conclave of self-serving atavists?

Incisive characterisation might justify much. But there are few signs of that, for all the pleasure given by the performances in Michael Rudman's production, and notably by Ian Hogg as a hick-town swaggerer in black-rimmed specs. This cigar-store Merlin, or 'imperial wizard' as he prefers to call himself, interrupts the regular domino session to initiate the first recruit for some years, a weedy boy with a voice like an adenoidal factory-hooter; and the ceremony goes no better than one would expect, given the dust on the electric cross, the disappearance of the rule-book and the calibre of the knights themselves. One is a senile veteran of World War I, prone to random cries of 'shoot the son of a bitch'. Another, whose obsessional memories extend only as far as 'blasting the gooks' in Korea, is an alcoholic and a coward. Yet another is a simpleton and a momma's boy. Two more spend the evening amiably bickering, only to draw clubbishly together whenever anyone presumes to criticise one of them. They are all observed with more good humour than depth or subtlety, the creatures (one feels) of a generous, not very demanding imagination, a mind seemingly secure in the assurance that backwoods prejudice and ignorance are no longer a threat to the tranquillity of the United States. John Birch is in his grave, George Wallace in his wheelchair, and all's well with the world. Time will show.

David Thompson has rechristened the *Phoenissae* with the title *Sons of Oedipus* much as a Hollywood producer, unsure whether the public's sophistication stretched from the first chapter of Genesis to the fourth, might call the Cain and Abel story *Sons of Eve*. But those who go expecting embryo Charlton Hestons hacking each other to death, while imitations of Sophia Loren's Jocasta and Charlotte Rampling' Antigone pout on the sidelines, aren't going to be pleased. Changes have admittedly been made. Most obviously, the Phoenician women themselves have dwindled from a full-bodied chorus to the pinched, furrowed and strangely solitary figure of Freda Dowie an economy not calculated to emphasise the play's ritual aspects. Again, Mr Thompson's translation has given the actors pretty colloquial words to speak, and his direction allowed them to individualise their characters much more than one imagines happening in the yawning amphitheatres of long ago. Hence Michael Deacon's Eteocles, a sly, venomous psychopath embarrassingly enraptured with his mother (what *was* it that made Jocasta so irresistible to her progeny?). Hence Richard Mayes's curious Tiresias, the Madame Arcati of ancient Thebes, a grumpy, slatternly old monster with an ill-concealed relish for the nastier necessities of his job. 'I'm worn out with work,' he mumbles. 'Only yesterday I was away in Athens. They had a war on there too!'; and chuckles, maliciously.

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But detail is not paramount nor clutter king. There is, especially, Siobhan McKenna's Jocasta, unerringly simple and intense in her maternal grief, to add some sense of timelessness to the proceedings. It's a more than usually informal Euripides we're offered, but Euripides nonetheless, as aware as ever of the destructive power of human passion and the impossibility of avoiding suffering, a voice for all seasons. I found the evening enthralling.

Cookery

Hilary Spurling

Boyle Yt

For a year now I have been cooking from a small, stout, hand-written book discovered on a great-uncle's bookshelf, untouched for perhaps 50 years, unused for practical purposes probably for at least another hundred years before that. It is bound in leather, stamped in gold, with end papers made from odd scraps of what looks like mediaeval Latin manuscript and an inscription at the front: 'The Ladie Elynor Fetiplace, her Book. 1604.'

The Fettiplaces onced lived in splendour and state, famed for their bunk-bed tombs in Swinbrook church, rumoured at one point to own 13 counties before they went down in the world with the Civil War, came up again at the Restoration and died out altogether in the last century. Lady Elynor's manuscript is the kind of household book most country houses must have possessed, containing remedies for every affliction from consumption to cancer, colds, cramps and coughs in a horse. She gives 'The water for pimpells', a tonic against the French Pox, plasters for the Bloody Flix, and 'A medicine of King Henry the eighth for the plague and pestilence' which ends tentatively: 'if this Drink bee taken before the marks appeare, it helpeth by the grace of god'. She directs how To perfume gloves, To make haire black, To wash gould and coloured silk and The best thing to starch black Cyprus. She includes Oyntment of Roses and a Sirop of blew violets, also weedkiller and various household poisons ('Arsenicke, flower and suger mingled together Killeth Ratts').

But her cookery is in another class altogether. Basically it is a more pungent, adventurous branch of the school of English nursery food which seems to be creeping back into vogue at present: straightforward to do, but sufficiently exotic to take much of the boredom out of plain cooking.

Many of her directions – for puddings, creams and custards, Apple Pie or Preserved Apricocks, Baked Rabbet and Buttered Crawfish – have barely changed in three-and-a-half centuries. I have followed her round the calendar from Oringe Marmalade made with pippins and the first Seville oranges in January to mince pies at Christmas, mixed with mutton and moistened with rose water. I began for the pleasure of cooking from a book written in such fine, clear, cranky Shakespearian language; and also for much the same reason that I was once obliged to learn Anglo-Saxon, on grounds that if students didn't do it, no one else would. But I went on because Lady Fettiplace's recipes are not only entertaining to read but easy to follow, never dull to make and so far always excellent eating.

Here are two, of which the first looks back to the sweet and sour, spiced concoctions of the medieval feast and forward to no less elaborate classics like *Canard à l'orange*; the second is a dish of spinach which has the simplicity and attention to detail of the best French bourgeouis cooking.

To dress a Shoulder of mutton

Take a showlder of mutton and beinge halfe-Roasted, cut it in great slices and save the gravie, then take clarret wine and sinamond & suger with a little Cloves and mace beaten and the pill of an oringe cut thin and minced smale. put the mutton to the gravie and these thinges together and boyle yt betweene two dishes, wringe the juice of an oringe into yt as yt boyleth, when yt is boyled enough lay the bone of the mutton beinge first broyled in the dish with yt, then cut slices of limonds and lay on the mutton and so serve yt in.

A rich orange sauce goes as well with mutton or lamb as with the more conventional duck or pork and, so long as you are fairly sparing with spices, the result is not in the least outlandish. If carving the joint before it reaches the table sounds too much of a performance, it is perfectly possible to make the sauce in the roasting pan as you would ordinary gravy. In either case, take a five-pound shoulder of lamb or mutton, roast it in a medium oven (mark 4, 350°F) for an hour-and-a-quarter, or until it is still slightly underdone as the French like it. Then either set the joint aside in a warm place while you make the sauce, or carve it and keep the slices hot in a deep dish. Skim the fat off the roasting pan and pour in a glass of red wine, letting it bubble briskly until it is reduced by half. Then lower the heat, add the meat juices (or a cupful of concentrated meat stock, if you prefer to carve the joint at table), a generous pinch of cinnamon, a level teaspoonful of sugar, two ground cloves, two blades of mace, and the juice of an orange together with its peel (previously cut into fine strips and blanched for a few minutes in boiling water). Serve the sauce separately, or pour it over the meat slices, decorate with lemon quarters, grill the bone or not as you like and so serve it in.

Green beans or buttered carrots and parsnips go well with this, and so do a purée of potatoes with spinach prepared according to Lady Fettiplace's own instructions:

To Boyle Spinage

You must boyle yt well with as little water as you can for the less water the sweeter your spinage will bee, when yt is very tender part the water from yt as much as you can, then shred yt very fine and put on verjuice, sweete buter, and suger, then set yt on the fire and let yt stew, and when yt is stewed near enough, take the yelkes of two egges and as much Creame as the quantitie of your egges and somewhat more, beate the Creame and egges together and put yt into the spinage and let them stue together, and when you serve yt strow suger on yt.

This careful recipe hardly needs a gloss: I take two egg yolks and three or four tablespoons of cream to two pounds of

John Holmstrom

Brussels Flea Market

Jaunty art-deco half fogged out
with dust and grease, this chipped
plate dreams
of dinners forty years ago
and gravies of its youth. It seems

hardly believable that once,
one of a set, you smiled and shone,
bright cutlery played over you,
anger and laughter. Now they're gone,

your owners dead, your siblings broken,
you yourself doomed to await
the clumsy foot or dithering hand
of browsers, or a crueller fate:

deliberate smashing by a vendor
sick of the sight of you, venting dumb
resentment on your worthlessness:
doomed, unless some mad saviour come

bringing redemption – say ten francs –
to take you home with shepherding love,
plunge you into hot soapy water
and hang his breathless face above

the sink where miracles begin,
and absolution. Bit by bit
your parched pores open, a mesh of cracks
slowly releases grease and grit.

Decades of misery loose their hold
and swim into the suds. Your pattern,
claret and bottle-green, comes surging
back into focus. Glazes tighten,

whiteness resumes. Hands lift you out,
soft linen dries you. Suddenly
you are a plate, a working plate
once more – and smell – but can it be

food? It is food. You have not fed
for years, caged in your dusty sleep;
but now delicious savours spread
across you, and warm juices seep

into the latticework of cracks
where dirt had been. You breathe,
you drink.
This is the first of countless joys
beckoning to you. Dare you think,

after those ignominious years,
unused and overlooked so long,
you have returned to life again:
scratched but shining, cracked but strong?

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spinach; a little lemon juice works well if you haven't any verjuice (a kind of sharp cider made from crab apples or unripe grapes); season with salt and pepper; and, though the sugar can be left out, it makes a pleasant addition if you don't put too much (taste after a scant teaspoonful).

Lastly, here is a useful receipt for politicians, professional critics, small children and anyone else apt to fly off the handle:

> *For the pashion of the harte*
> Boyle Marigoldes, Egremonie and Burage [agrimony and borage] in possett drinke [made of curdled cream and eggs with ale or wine – laced cocoa would do] sweeten it with suger and let the patiente drinke it goeinge to bed.

Opera

Oliver Knussen

Inca Spots

The Royal Hunt of the Sun *Coliseum, further performances 11 and 15 February*

In an interview given just before he began writing *Owen Wingrave*, Benjamin Britten – surely one of the dozen greatest operatic composers of any time – mentioned that he and his librettist had just decided to add 'arias galore' to their work in progress, because there had to be a reason 'why in the blazes they [the actors] are singing and not speaking'. I was reminded of these words several times during the course of Iain Hamilton's opera, *The Royal Hunt of the Sun* (based on Peter Shaffer's highly successful stage play), which was given its first production last week by the English National Opera at the London Coliseum.

Mr Hamilton has cut and adapted Shaffer's text to manageable libretto-size, while retaining the basic shape of two acts containing 12 sections each; presumably he has thus been able to retain something of the original (which I have read but not seen in the theatre), although in this production the tension sometimes lagged badly. He has been scrupulously careful in scoring, for a large and colourful orchestra, to allow every word to be heard – a remarkable achievement these days, and more so in view of the fact that this was Hamilton's first opera (of five to date), uncommissioned and therefore written without the immediate incentive of quick production (it has been on the shelf for almost a decade). But the play makes for wordy lyrics, and the resulting rapid and almost continuous recitative, to which one has to cling for dear life in order to follow the drama, soon palls. The consistent verbal turnover tends to level out the dramatic contours.

Still, the story of the strange bond between Pizarro and the young Inca ruler Atahuallpa, played out against a brilliant background of the Spanish conquest of Peru, couldn't fail to make a spectacular theatrical effect. It would also appear to be ideal operatic fodder; yet one left the opera house with the feeling that one would rather have seen the play. I think the reasons for this are twofold: first, Iain Hamilton's musical language does not particularly define either individual characters or the two cultures adequately. The score is too consistently colourful, which once again flattens out contrasts, and vocal lines are pretty consistent for all characters until Atahuallpa's memorable 'Little Finch' song and Pizarro's monologues in Act 2. The second reason is the choice of this particular play, which already has its own peculiar relationship to music (as does Shaffer's more recent *Equus* to a lesser degree).

The printed text of the play contains a five-page appendix concerning the music for the original production, and a further section of preface is devoted to it. This is some indication of the enormous importance which Peter Shaffer attaches to the role of music, and his stage directions teem with descriptions of sounds which he wants to accompany crucial moments, almost as if music embodied a sort of 'ek-stasis', out of the confines of speech. Iain Hamilton has said (in an article in the January issue of the *Musical Times*) that he originally intended to employ much more *Sprechgesang* and speech in *The Royal Hunt*, but that he finally decided against this – once again a laudable decision when one considers some other recent operas which degenerate all too frequently into speech accompanied by sound-effects (e.g., *The Devils* or *Bomarzo*).

An already heightened starting-point (recitative) requires another still-higher form of 'ek-stasis' than sheer increase of volume. To be sure, the formal church choral scene, with its attendant organ invention, and the wild and inventive Inca processional (both in Act 1) come closer to this ideal, as does 'Little Finch'. But these are all stylistically outside the muscial language employed in the body of the opera, and Mr Hamilton succeeds only twice during the whole work in making true set-numbers within his chosen idiom, both times towards the end of Act 2: a beautiful aria accompanied mainly by flute and high violins, and later a lyrical meditation for Pizarro, surrounded by long streams of rapidly ascending woodwind scales and softly sustained harmonies. But all these moments taken together represent maybe ten minutes' music in a work lasting more than two hours, and one wishes that Mr Hamilton had sorted his stylistic ambivalences out before the middle of the second act.

Except for a choir of Inca women, the cast is all-male, never less and often more than adequate. The orchestra under David Lloyd-Jones sounded well-drilled, and any rough edges in the production will be smoothed off if the ENO adopts a policy of maintaining new operas in the active repertoire for a few consecutive seasons, as it should. Geoffrey Chard as Pizarro and Tom McDonnell as Atahuallpa both looked and sounded very convincing and acquitted themselves with distinction in taxing roles. Among smaller parts the light tenor of Alan Woodrow as Young Martin struck me as particularly sensitive. The only real visual blemish on the production was some feeble miming in the 'crossing the Andes' section. But how in the blazes did they remember all those words?

Weekend Competition

No 2450 **Set by Fat Jeff**

Jimmy Carter's favourite poet is – or so he claims – Jimmy Dickie. I wonder what other American poets, dead or alive, would make of their new President. Up to 16 lines by 25 February.

No 2447 **Set by Wysteria**

In Camden Town there is an eatery called Beckett's Fish Bar (selling Happy Dace and Whiting for Godot?). We wanted the wares of other literary emporia.

Report **by Spiro Keats**

Parrott has been bitching again – about the punny nature of recent comps. Meanwhile, in turn, his family has clubbed together to buy him a new typewriter. I think we can agree to call it quits. The entry wasn't bad, anyway, with quite a few genuine laughs £5 to Mr Donnelly, £2 the field.

Gogol Fishmongers: Dead Soles. Waugh's Boutique: Vile Bodice. Schumacher's Lingerie Smalls is Beautiful. Chekhov's Turkish Baths: Uncool Vanya. Butler's Vegetarian Foods: Waive All Flesh. Brontë Coiffeuse: Jane Hair
TOM DONNELLY

Tolstoy's Teashop: Warm Peas. Galsworthy Gourmets: Forsyte Sago. Charlie's Chicker Bar: Barnaby Fudge. Haggard's Hotspot: King Solomon's Minestrone.
W. S. BROWNLIE

Milton's School of Motoring: L Allegro Oscar Wilde's Delicatessen: Lady Winder mere's Flan; Salami.
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C. VITA-FINZI

Henry James Cooked Meats: The Bistonians H. G. Wells Lodging House: Kips.
H. G. TAYLOR

Proust's Cats' Home: A La Recherche de Toms Perdus. O'Neill's Pest Exterminator: Th Liceman Cometh. Shaw's Women's Lib Boo Club: Pigmaleon. GERRY HAMILL

Hu-Go Takeaway: The Lunchpack of Notr Dame. Greene's Wholesale Milliners: Th Mart of the Hatter. Dickens's Ornamenta Spittoon Shop: Great Expectorations. G. Elio Dentist: The Drill on the Floss.
MORAY MCGOWAN

Shakespeare's Fish Bar: A Midsumme Night's Bream; Anchovy and Cleopatra; Kin Pilchard II. C. J. PARKER

Henry James Greengrocery: The Eurobean Jane Austen Ironmongery: 'Ammer. Georg Eliot Restaurant: Silas Meunière.
CHRIS CLARK

Morris Tavern: Booze from Nowher Wesker Fruiterer: I'm Talking About Jer salem Artichokes. NAOMI MARKS

John Gay's Theatre: Bugger's Opera. Pirai dello's Literary Agency: Six Characters i Search of an Author. T. GRIFFITHS

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Tony Miles

Chess

No 20 Wijk-aan-Zee

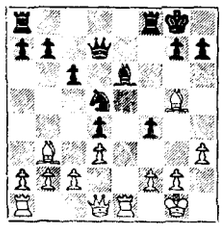
The annual Hoogoven's congress at Wijk-aan-Zee has for some years overshadowed its older English rival, both in the strength of its main tournament and in the general high standard of playing conditions. This year, the 39th, the grandmaster group contained nine GMs, one candidate GM, one IM and one candidate master. For the first time since 1963, when Donner won, a Dutch player shared first place. Gennadi Sosonko, a Russian emigré who obtained his GM title only last year, led throughout and was only caught in the last round when Geller (USSR) ground down the Yugoslav Nikolac after ten hours play. Half point behind with 7½/11 was the Dutch No. 1 Ian Timman, who started badly but remarkably won his last five games to reach 3rd place. Other top scores: 7 Kurajica (Yugoslavia), 6 Olafsson (Iceland), 5 Kavalek (USA), Nikolac (Yugoslavia), Bohm (Holland) and Miles (England).

I continued my erratic form from Hastings. In my first eight games I had five lost positions, two short draws and a game against Geller, yet somehow emerged with five points without a loss! Thereafter my luck changed and I lost three good positions to go from 2nd place to 6th. The master group was won by Kupreichik (USSR) with 9½/11 ahead of van der Sterren (Holland) 8 and Christiansen (USA) 6½. All three achieved the IM norm and Christiansen thus attained his title.

The one great English success at Wijk-aan-Zee came in the women's tournament. First place was taken by the world No. 3 Alexandria (USSR) with 9½/11 but Jana Hartston finished second with 8½ easily scoring her first GM norm. Other leading scores: 8 Vokralova (Czechoslovakia), Lazerevic (Yugoslavia) and Veroczi (Hungary), 5½ Polihrionade (Romania) and 4½ Georgieva (Bulgaria).

This week's game:

White: E. Polihrionade. Black: J. Hartston. **1. P-K4, P-QB3; 2. N-QB3, P-Q4; 3. N-B3, B-N5; 4. P-KR3, B x N; 5. Q x B, N-B3; 6. P-Q3.** Also possible is 6. P-Q4!?, P x P; 7. Q-K3! **6. . . . P-K3; 7. P-R3, QN-Q2; 8. P-KN4!? P-KR3; 9. Q-N3.** Preparing a premature K side pawn advance. Probably better is 9. B-N2. **9. . . . Q-R4, 10. B-Q2, Q-N3; 11. P-K5, P-Q5; 12. N-R4, Q-R3; 13. P x N, Q x N; 14. P x P, B x P; 15. 0-0-0.** This appears to be a crucial mistake. The white pieces cannot reach the Q side to protect the K, so white must try to castle K-side. Hence the awkward 15. R-B1 or P-N3 was necessary. **15. . . . 0-0-0; 16. B-N2, N-N3; 17. QR-K1, Q-N4; 18. K-N1, N-R5; 19. B-QB1, R-Q2; 20. K-R1, P-QB4.** Intending KR-Q1 and R-Q3-QN3. White now decides to encourage this manoeuvre. **21. P-KB4? R-Q3! 22. P-B5, R-QN3; 23. P-N3, P-B5!** Now if 24. NP x P (or N), Q-N8 mate or 24. QP x P, P-Q6ch; 25. B-N2 (or 25. . . . K-R2, N-B6ch and N-K7ch), **B x Bch; 26. K-R2, Q-B4 winning. 24. B-B4, P x NP; 25. P x P, Q x NP; 26. R-B1ch, N-B6 Resigns.**

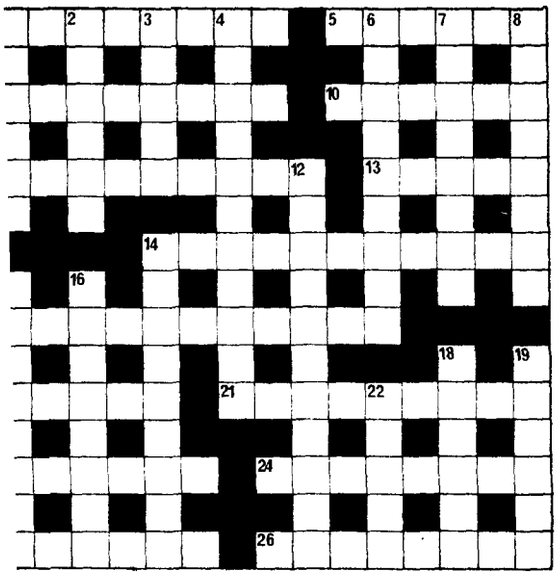


Problem 20: Black has just played P-B5 threatening to trap the B. If now 1. Q-Q2, P-B6 is very strong since 2. P-N4 is met by B x P. White found an ingenious defence. What is it? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN as usual postmarked not later than 23 February.

Solution to Problem 18: 1. Q x Pch, K-R1; 2. R-Q1, N-B3; (or 2. . . . N-B6; 3. R-Q7! R x R; 4. Q-K8ch, B-B1; 5. Q x B mate or 3. . . . R-KN1; 4. B-Q4) 3. P-QN4! Resigns.

Weekend Crossword 1202

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1202, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 22 Feb.



ACROSS

1. Wore drab untidy clothing (8).
5. A gentleman in love lives as a god (6).
9. Short cut for the public school product (4, 4).
10. A noisy tune is a matter of personal concern (6).
11. Disadvantage of cut off point in a depression (9).
13. Hat needed for a little work in the sand (5).
14. Platitude for public situation (11).
17. The meaning is not in the effort (11).
20. Approaches putting one organ inside another (5).
21. Hunt's stooge (9).
23. The man to embrace and go quickly (6).
24. Egghead held by poet to be a bony creature (8).
25. Stop work to make an impression (6).
26. Imperfectly expresses what may be truest to a saint (8).

DOWN

1. Controls the enemy leader in the desert (6).
2. Places to rest on or toss about (6).
3. Missionary in China in historic circumstances (5).
4. There is nothing to recognise me among the children, but the left-overs (6, 5).
6. If any step may be taken as a means of holding things together (9).
7. Come back to harvest fruit? (8).
8. Material which potentially brings the south nearest (8).
12. A trick I plot when changing gear (8, 3).
14. Mark below jaws made by eating implement (9).
15. A plant is held in a vessel like this (8).
16. Move green and put where red should be (8).
18. 'Expect thy dog, thy ——, and thy wife' (Pope) (6).
19. Group with southern accents (6).
22. Make up story about century made in splendour (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1200

S	H	E	L	D	U	C	K		H	A	N	S	O	M
E		L		E		A			W		P		O	
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F	R	E	E	S	T		T	H	R	E	S	H	E	R

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Continued from p. 204

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ENGLISHMAN, single, 42, tall, considerate, of adventurous & enterprising disposition, seeks woman in early 30s, similarly disposed, for friendship, co-operation, and, ideally, marriage. Box 6610.

ACADEMIC f. at home in London, now planning retirement, would like contact intelligent, thoughtful, independent m. wishing a permanent partnership for active sociable life in terms of equality and mutual consideration. Interests: lit., art, languages, travel. Pref. car driver living London or country nearby; not suburbia. Box 6605.

SINGLE, SIX FOOTER SCOT, Edinburgh area, very lonely, wishes to correspond with, and perhaps meet later if within Austin Maxi range, unattached lady 30-40ish. My interests: watching most sports, squash, tennis, visiting places of interest, dogs, Hates: cruelty to animals, cruelty to children. Will answer all replies. Box 6585.

VITAL MALE, div., no ties, in touch with his feelings, travelled, leftist, seeks relationship sexually appealing, intelligent woman 35-45 yrs. London area. Box 6618.

VERY SOLVENT, attractive graduate, engineer-businessman, with expensive West End flat, wants to share life with beautiful short(ish), blond lady 36/43. Good education/upbringing appreciated greatly, for cohabitation/marriage; hopefulness. Box 6635.

ARE YOU A 5'10" + POSITIVE, caring, professional male, 40-50, seeking an alive, arts orientated female, (early 40s, div.)? Warm, developing relationship with widowed or divorced man is optimistically hoped for. NW London. Box 6619.

M. GRADUATE, 40, attractive, Jewish origin, interests: history, politics, seeks gentle lady for sensitive relationship. Box 6695.

ATTRACTIVE divorcée, 50s, sympathetic & happy, many ints, would like companionship of educated, kind, unattached m. same age group, with sense of humour. Box 6707.

ITALY: Well educated, financially sound Italian, 40s, wishes to meet attractive, sincere female partner, sports, nature, animal lover. Box 6561.

AVON: Pleasant lady, divorcée, forties, young, no ties, seeks intro unattached gentleman, similar. Box 6699.

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, sks companionship cultured gentleman, late 60s, friendship & holidays, London area. Car-owner. Interested arts. Box 6709.

LAWYER, male, 50, would like to meet Jane Doe. London area. Box 6620.

GENTLEMAN, 52, sen. academic exec., div., well-travelled, used luxury, now poverty-stricken, wishes meet refined, mature female, view friendship & marriage. Box 6679.

F. GRADUATE, 36, ints: art, design, travel, films, food, sks interesting man. Box 6643.

I AM TALL, SLIM, 40 and very feminine, looking for a warm man who is tall, lean, sensitive and very masculine. It would help if you were cultured, under 55 and living in London. Box 6640.

CUCKOLDED HUSBAND (44, quiet, professional, Tyne/Tees), staying married for children's sake, wishes to correspond with or occasionally meet, warm understanding lady, perhaps in similar dilemma, to exchange human comfort and confidence. Box 6682.

INTELLECTUALLY INCLINED M, seeks f. friend, 35-50. Interests: literature languages, music. South London. Box 6670.

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Contents

174 **James Fenton:** The Return of Marcia

175 **Neil Kinnock:** Bullock and the Left

176 **Naomi Shepherd:** Israel's African Connections

177 **K. R. Sundar Rajan:** Mrs Gandhi's Hostage

178 **Norman Buchan:** Glasgow's Short Way with Refugees

179 **Peter Wilby:** No Politics in the Classroom?

180 **Paul Johnson:** Labour and the New Leviathan

184 **Anne Bennett:** Heart's Desire

185 **Mervyn Jones:** London Diary

186 **Francis Beckett:** Looking Back on the NUS

187 **Arthur Marshall:** Too Bad to Last

187 **Roger Woddis:** A Man Called Joe

188 **Letters to the Editor**

Books & Arts

190 **Douglas Johnson:** Utopia and Revolution

192 **John Sturrock:** Camus and Sartre

Other reviews by Paul Streeten, Mervyn Jones, John Carey, Blair Worden, David Lodge, Derek Mahon

196 **John Coleman:** Films

197 **Nathan Silver:** Architecture

198 **Ian Hamilton:** Television

198 **Benedict Nightingale:** Theatre

199 **Hilary Spurling:** Cookery

200 **Oliver Knussen:** Opera

200 **Weekend Competition**

201 **Chess and Crossword**

Poems by John Mackendrick, Roy Fuller and John Holmstrom

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PIERRE NORA, Directeur d'Etudes à l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes, will give a lecture on 'La mémoire des hommes politiques' on Thursday 17 February at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, London SW7. Tel: 589 6211 ext. 38. Admission free.

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PUBLIC ENTERPRISE GROUP – an open meeting 19 February 10.30 a.m.-4 p.m. Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1. Public Enterprise NEDO Report and After. Speakers include John Heath, non-members welcome.

LOCAL LABOUR PARTY DEMOCRACY Conference. Campaign for Labour Party Democracy with Hackney North & Stoke Newington CLP, Sunday 20 February 2.30 to 6 at Hackney Free & Parochial Secondary School, Paragon Rd, E8. (opposite Hackney Town Hall, Mare St, E8). Buses 22, 30, 38, 55, 106, 253, 277. Chairman: Ernie Roberts, assistant g.s. AUEW; Speakers: Cllr Jane Chapman, Haringey; Cllr Gerry Ross, Hackney; Adrian Man, North Islington CLP. Ample time for discussion from floor.

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COURSES Cont. on p. 203

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